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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Crichton. By W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq., author of "Rookwood." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Macrone.

THE description Madame Montpensier gives of the Duc de Candole, is the very one we give of the present work. "*Romanesque, chivalresque, et pittoresque.*" Time, place, and a hero, are the triad of fiction: our author has been equally fortunate in all three. What hero could be better chosen than one whose life was realised romance? Crichton was one of those instances in which nature, now and then, delights setting at defiance all rules, for the mere sake, it would seem, of shewing her power. He completely overturns the theory of mental equality, the most foolish doctrine in which mediocrity ever delighted. When Locke said, that the mind was like a sheet of paper, he, of course, allowed for the different kinds of paper—some whity-brown, some common foolscap, some highly glazed, and some of the very finest gilt-edged Bath. The writing would assume on each a varied appearance. The distinction is as minute in the mind as in the soil. The seed may be sown; but, on the place where it falls, will depend whether it brings forth fruit or flower. Crichton was born to what other men achieve with much labour. His knowledge was of that intuitive kind which catches at a glance, and appears rather to awaken what was in oneself, than to acquire; while his memory, that most singular of our faculties, had that readiness and retention which a dozen systems of mnemonics would toil after in vain. The exterior was as prodigally gifted as the interior. His beauty, his grace, and his strength, were supported by health robust enough to have carried him on. Nature, —the truth of the allegory, which represents good fairies lavishing their charms round some royal cradle,—Nature "gave him all, she could no more;" but Fate,—it is their old dark variance,—sentenced him to a brief, but brilliant career: so much for a hero. Next, as to place, what 'could be better chosen than the court of Henri III.? There was every passion in full activity—ambition, pleasure, love, hate, prodigality, and fanaticism; while the intrigues of the court were subtle and varied as the most theatrical plot of Spanish ingenuity. Then the time was when chivalry itself wore its most picturesque shapes. It was near to its downfall, but it died like the dolphin, with the brightest hues. A graver age, fraught with sterner struggles and deeper knowledge, was on the horizon; but, for the present, all was wild in warfare, and unsettled in opinion. Learning had opened enough of her treasures to redeem with intellect; commerce had brought luxury, and begun civilisation; while the high tone and poetical honour of the knight, were still a creed acknowledged and revered. Such is the groundwork of Mr. Ainsworth's spirited narrative; it carries you on like "the high-mettled racer" of his own Turpin. The scenes are singularly dramatic, while a historical portrait-gallery might be formed of the different persons introduced. They have all that air of reality so difficult to impart, yet so fascinating when given. The female likenesses are sketched

with a rich prodigality of beauty; they fling around their own poetry, compact of "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn:" but the gem of the work is the character of Catherine de Medicis,—it is a masterly delineation. The secret of her character has always appeared to us the love of intrigue. Power was her profession, and nothing takes such utter possession as an abstract pursuit. She sacrificed maternal affection, and her natural temper, which was quick and fierce, to her ambition, which had become to her a science. She would have given up the object in view, but not the plan which was to gain it: the scheme was more than the success. Nothing grows upon a person more than active dissimulation; it is "the young creation—the soul's child," till "nature is subdued to what it works in," and we end by deceiving even ourselves. We fancy—how vainly!—that we control events of which we are but tools and victims. But we should not digress from "The Admirable Crichton," though extracts can give the reader but slight idea of the brilliant whole: however, in a tournament, two knights are represented as hacking off the gold and enamel of either's armour, till the court-yard is strewn with bright spoil for the heralds. In like manner, we must content ourselves with picking up the glittering fragments. *Place aux dames!* The portrait of Marguerite de Valois:—

"Marguerite's eyes—(the eyes of a lovely woman are what we always look at first)—were large and dark, liquid, impassioned, voluptuous, with the fire of France, and the tenderness of Italy, in their beams. An anchorite could scarce have resisted their witchery. And then her features! How shall we give you a notion of their fascination? It was not their majesty—yet they were majestic as those of her mother—(grace, in fact, is more majestic than majesty itself, and Marguerite was eminently graceful); it was not their regularity—yet they were regular as the severest judgment might exact; it was not their tint, though Marguerite's skin was dazzlingly fair,—but it was that expression which resides not in form, but which, emanating from the soul, imparts, like the sun to the landscape, light, life, and loveliness. This it was that constituted the charm of Marguerite's features. The Queen of Navarre's figure was full and faultless; or, if it had a fault (which, however, would have been none with us) it might be deemed, by those who think embonpoint incompatible with beauty, a little too redundant. But then, if you complained of the Hebe-like proportion of her swelling shoulders, surely the slender waist from which those shoulders sprang would content you. The cestus of Venus would have spanned that waist; and did span it, for aught we know—Marguerite's fascination, indeed, would almost warrant such a conclusion. Her throat was rounded, and whiter than drifted snow—'*Jamais n'en fut vue,*' says her historian, '*une si belle, ny si blanche, si pleine, ny si charnue.*' Her hands—the true Medicis hand—(Ronsard did well to liken them to the fingers of the young Aurora—rose-dyed, dew-steeped) were the snowiest and smallest ever beheld; and we need scarcely inform the discriminating reader what sort of feet are sure to accompany such hands, nor of

what sort of beauties such tiny feet give unerring evidence. Marguerite's feet, therefore, we need scarcely say, were those of a fairy, and the ankles that sustained them, fine and fairy-like as the feet. Of her attire, which was gorgeous as her beauty, we dare scarcely hazard a description. We shrink beneath the perilous weight of its magnificence. Brilliants flamed like stars thick set amidst her dusky tresses. Besprent with pearls, her stomacher resembled a silvery coat of mail. Cloth of gold constituted her dress, the fashion of which was peculiar to herself; for it was remarked of her that she never appeared in the same garb twice; and that the costume in which she was seen the last, was that in which she appeared to the greatest advantage. Be this as it may, upon the present occasion she had studied to please; and she who pleased without study could scarce fail to charm when it was her aim to do so. Around her fair throat hung a necklace of cameos, while in one hand *mignonnette engantele*, as Rabelais hath it, she held a kerchief fringed with golden lace, and in the other a fan of no inconsiderable power of expansion."

As a contrast to this, we give Crichton's eloquent profession of faith:—

"I have remained constant to the creed of my ancestry—to the creed of my conviction: and in behalf of that religion, in the cause of my injured queen, I should have taken up arms, when I was of years to bear them, had not my sire placed between my sword and the hand that would have grasped it, his curse! With a father's malediction hanging over my head, I could not hope for success. Without a struggle I resigned the first, the dearest wish of my dawning life. In vain were prospects of ambition, clouded with heresy, and stained by rebellion, opened to me. In vain were proffers made me by those who would have purchased my services. I left my country, for whose weal I would have gladly bled; I quitted my paternal halls, to which a thousand tender recollections bound me; I vowed never to return to that country, never again to behold that home, till the schism of the one should be annihilated—the old rites of worship, once observed by the other, restored." "You will never, then, see Scotland more," said Catherine, "she will cling to her false faith, as a libertine to the leman whose arts have ensnared him." "Or, as her preachers affirm," rejoined Crichton, in a tone of scorn, "she is like the profligate who hath abandoned the mistress, and assumed the wife. Your majesty is right. Scotland will know no change. The homely creed she hath adopted suits her homely people well." "Austere in feeling as in manner, they will become hardened in heresy. The dogma promulgated by Knox—*plebis est religionem reformare*—roused the whole nation. The people have reformed their faith, and their creed is essentially plebeian. Stripped of its ornaments; robbed of its majesty and grace; its magnificent proportions, sculptured and reared by ages, destroyed; its venerable and honory colouring, which time alone could impart, effaced; its odours scattered on the breezes; its traditions forgotten or despised; the worship of my country, simple, naked, and, it may be, pure, no more resembles its ancient

grandeur and sublimity than the lowly temple of the Huguenot will bear comparison with the glorious edifice of Notre-Dame. A cathedral is religion. Who can enter its reverend aisles unmoved—who can gaze upwards to its storied roof with thoughts that stray not heavenward? Mine be the antique fane—mine the time-honoured creed. Mine be the saint, the shrine, the solemn and melodious mass—mine be the faith, picturesque, poetical, beautiful. My native land I may never behold again—my father's blessing I may never receive—but the religion of Rome, entwined around my heart, endeared to me even by persecution, I will ever maintain."

We must give another portion of this admirably supported dialogue. Catherine reveals her project for placing the Duke of Anjou on the throne; and the ensuing conversation takes place between her and the Scottish cavalier, whom she wishes to win.

"So soon!" "Ay, so soon," reiterated Catherine, triumphantly. "Nostradamus foretold that all our sons should be kings. To-morrow his prediction will be verified." "And Henri?" Catherine grew pale as death, and trembled so violently that she was compelled to lay her hand for support upon Crichton's armed shoulder. "What of the king, your son, madame?" continued the Scot, sternly. "Of all our sons," exclaimed the queen, with a look of deep agony, and, it might be, compunction,—"Henri hath ever been the most dear to us. The sickly François, the rugged Charles, found no place in our heart. But Henri, the fond, the pliant, the winning; Henri, ever devoted, ever deferential to our will; Henri, the graceful, the polished, the beautiful, whom nature intended for a king, and for whom we have seconded nature's intentions,—he hath ever been our favourite."

"And you will now destroy your own work; you will sacrifice your favourite son." "Our safety requires it," returned Catherine, sighing deeply; "Henri hath of late grown wayward and capricious. He refuses to follow our counsels—to acknowledge our sway. His minions have supplanted us in his esteem. Saint-Luc, Joyeuse, and D'Epernon, rule where we were wont to govern. The Salic law prevents the exercise of sovereign authority in our own person. We reign through our sons: if not through Henri, we must reign through François." "Weighed against love of power, a mother's love is nothing," said Crichton. "Against high resolves it should be nothing," returned Catherine; "against Fate it is nothing. Of what avail is our tenderness for Henri; of what avail are our regrets for his defection; of what avail is this hesitation to pronounce his doom? Chevalier Crichton," continued she, in a voice that froze the Scot's blood within his veins, "he must die!" There was a terrible pause, during which each regarded the other fixedly. "Horror!" exclaimed Crichton, at length recovering his speech, "can a mother say this? 'Hear me!' cried Catherine, "and learn with whom thou hast to deal—learn and tremble! By blood, my own blood, was my power obtained; by blood, my own blood, must it be maintained. Henri must die." "By the hand that reared him?" "No! mine might falter. I will find a surer arm to deal the blow. Listen," continued she, becoming perfectly calm, "by midnight all will be in readiness. Under various pretexts, and in various disguises, the leaders of Anjou's faction will ere that hour arrive, have been introduced into the Louvre. Busy D'Amboise hath his own quarrel to avenge upon the king's favourites. His sword hath seldom failed him.

He will deal with Joyeuse, D'Epernon, and Saint-Luc. The Duc de Nevers is ours already. Villequier and D'O. are vases that will shift with the wind. Henri alone remains—and he—"Well, madame?" "Is reserved for your hand." "For mine!" "We have prevailed upon him to defer the grand chivalrous emprise, in which he takes part, till midnight. Amid the conflict his lance will seek yours. Couch then your sharpened spear,—cry 'Live François III.'—and strike! We know too well the force of your arm to doubt the fatal issue of the blow. That cry, that deadly stroke, will be the signal to Anjou, and to our party. They will respond to it. Henri's adherents will be exterminated; his crown will be his brother's." "From the scene of carnage you depict, madame," said Crichton, "my mind flies back to days gone by—to the fair month of June 1559. Before the palace of the Tourneelles, a splendid tournament is set forth to celebrate the nuptials of Elizabeth of France with Philip of Spain. A chivalrous monarch maintains the passage of arms against all comers. That monarch is your husband. That monarch is Henri II." "No more, no more!" "That monarch demands a favour from his queen. Her scarf is sent him. He places it upon his corselet. He calls to the Earl of Montgomery to place his lance in rest. The earl obeys him. The combatants rush upon each other. The lance of Montgomery is broken—"Hold, we command you, messire!" "But a splinter hath pierced the brain of the ill-fated king," continued Crichton, heedless of Catherine's frowns; "he falls, mortally wounded. You witnessed this fearful catastrophe, madame. You saw your husband hurled bleeding to the earth—and to a like fate you would now condemn your son—his son!"

To this she replies by offering the parchment that contains his commission as constable of France.

"Behold the royal signet,—behold your title as Marshal of France! Your answer?" "Is this," replied Crichton, suddenly drawing his poignard, and striking it through the parchment with such force that all trace of his name was effectually obliterated."

We have devoted our poetical columns to the spirited lyrics which are scattered through these pages—a sufficient proof how highly we estimate them. Before we conclude, we must point attention to the extraordinary learning which pervades these volumes—learning of the most varied and recondite order. The mass of information that must have been collected is surprising; the age of which he treats seems as familiar to the writer as his own—not a superstition is neglected. The prefatory inquiry into the personal biography of Crichton is a very able essay, and discusses every doubtful point with true antiquarian acumen. We congratulate Mr. Ainsworth on a work equally brilliant, interesting, and original.

A Pedestrian Tour of 1347 Miles through Wales and England. By Pedestres and Sir Clavileno Woodenpeg, Knight of Snowdon. 2 vols. 12mo. London, Saunders and Otley. This publication, we regret to say, imposes upon us one of our disagreeable public duties, that of censure and condemnation. It appears to be the production of a well-read and clever person; but so deformed by crudities and offences, and, indeed, so mistaken altogether in its conception and framing, that no execution could have made it otherwise than it is, a painful failure.

It is a palpable imitation of Sterne; and

Sterne was never yet imitated with success. The faciousness, where not *puerile* (in the literal meaning of the word), is laborious and ineffective: Rabelais, Swift, The Doctor, &c. &c. have been perused in vain. It is, indeed, a luckless attempt, and so involved in the writer's own fancied humours, as often to be unintelligible; so that we can neither guess what is described, nor what is aimed at. Don Clavileno is his walking stick—a fit companion, who might have penned almost as entertaining a work: certainly "two of them" together ought to have done better.

Such being the character of the *Pedestrian Tour*, our extracts need be but brief. We select a morsel touching Exeter Cathedral—the words in which Edward the Confessor installed Leofricus in that see; and if our ministers and reformers are at all afraid of the sainted monarch's ancient curse, whatever they may take away from other church revenues, they will take special care that they do not meddle with their friend, Dr. Philpotts, and the bishopric of Exeter. The royal address follows:—

"I kyng Edward, takynge Leofrike by the ryghte haunde, and Edythe, my queene, bye the left; doe installe hym the fyrste and moste famous byshoppe of Exon, wythe a grete desyre of abundance of blesynge to all such as shall funder and encrease the same; but wythe a fearful and execrable curse on all such as shalld diminyshe, or take any thyng from it."

It is curious enough to observe how frequently very old matters apply, in some way or other, to modern circumstances; as if, indeed, the wheel of human life were only going round and round, the same *spokes* always coming up again, and revolution, instead of the reverse, being simply the proof that there was nothing new under the sun. In the catalogue of the late estimable Sir Francis Freeling's library, the sale of which commenced yesterday, we find an item that, *mutato nomine*, might readily be thought to allude to the famous Dan O'Connell. The book, No. 1028, was nevertheless published in 1642, and thus entitled,

"Decoy Duck, with the discovery of the Knot in the Dragon's Tayle, with the curious Frontispiece of the Bishops sitting in Council, and some of them flying out of the Window to the Castle of Cawood."

But, to return to Pedestres: he gives us a long episode of some schoolboys terribly frightened in exploring a ruinous subterranean cavern or dungeon, of which the following is a sample:

"In the heat and hurry of the scramble, A-B-C and Ille-ego came into violent contact in a narrow pass of the passage: poor A-B-C was hurled head-over-heels, and projected like a missile into a distant corner: and the candle was knocked out of Ille-ego's hand to the ground, and instantly extinguished. 'You d—d little luckless fool!' roared Ille-ego with raging fury. 'You cursed young ass! and now you have knocked out the candle, and what the devil are we to do? I'll be d—d if I don't wring your neck for you.' 'Oh, don't be so wicked!' said Gradus, bursting into tears. 'Oh, don't swear till we get safe outside the dungeon.' 'And there's another fool stuck in the archedway!' continued the former, as he approached nearer Pedestres. 'Move off your cursed head, and let me pass, or upon my soul I'll kick your brains out!'"

Few readers, we presume, will think it well

* Cawood was one of the palaces of the Archbishop of York, against whom and eleven other prelates, who asserted their parliamentary rights and privileges at that period, the work was levelled.—*Ed. L. G.*

advised to print and publish stuff like this; and we are sorry to add, that there are fifty instances of equally foolish and not less offensive matter in these volumes. At page 165 there are some very filthy and inexcusable lines upon a scene of sea-sickness: we will not quote them; but, as tastes, offer the following—not so unpardonable.

"He would describe it [a fine prospect] if he could, but he will wave the attempt, lest the reader say to him, that which he heard a Frenchman say to his son for endeavouring to do what he was unable to accomplish, 'Ah, you damn son bitch!—what for you try do what you no can?'"

We will only point at the vulgar indecency of an account of a woman coming into the traveller's bed-room when he was undressed (pages 326, 7, 8.); and another scene of the same kind where some dozen of persons, of different conditions and sexes, married and single, negroes and whites, are represented as littering in six beds in one apartment: they are too gross for the lowest class of publication even in these days of degraded literature.

It is almost in vain for us to try to extract something not so unfavourable to the writer; the following are the best we can, in justice, do:—

Near Bangor:—"Don't pelt the ducks, my love," said a sanctified-looking lady, with a 'religious bonnet' on, to a little boy who was pelting and worrying some ducks in a gutter near Caernarvon. "Little boy, don't pelt the ducks—it's very wicked. Do you know, that if you are naughty and cruel, God won't love you?—God doesn't love cruel boys." "Yes, ma'am, I know it," answered the boy with a whin-piny drawl. "Then why do you do so?" said the lady, angrily. "I thought there was no harm in pelting ducks, ma'am." "Yes, there is great harm in pelting any thing: how would you like to be pelted? You are very depraved indeed; and do you know where you will go, if you are so wicked and cruel?" "Yes, ma'am, I know." "Where, then?" "Down into the great naughty pit, ma'am, full of brimstone and treacle." "No, no—brimstone and fire." "Oh, yes, ma'am—I quite forgot."

To conclude:—"On the top of Moel Famma, a lofty eminence rising 1845 feet above the level of the sea, and a few miles south-east from Deubigh, stands a pyramidal monument of great size and conspicuous figure. It is called the 'Jubilee Monument,' and was erected about 1810, to commemorate the 50th year of the reign of George III. It is a rough stone building of 150 feet in height, and measures 50 feet in diameter at the base. As Pedestres was returning from the castle, he encountered a girl—a young woman thing about twenty years old; and he addressed her to obtain some information respecting the column that had attracted his attention. 'What pillar is that?' said he, at the same time that Sir Clavileno Woodenpeg pointed it out to the girl; 'what is it erected for? and what is its name?' 'I don't know, sir, whether it has any name,' answered she; 'but the hill it stands on is called Moel Famma.' 'What is it?—a column? an obelisk? or a what?' 'Tis a what, sir.' 'Pish!' 'Tis a something, sir—'tis made of stone, and as high as a tower.' And why was it erected there? continued her interrogator. 'They built it, sir, to mark the spot where a very famous battle was fought with Bonaparte.' 'With Bonaparte!' 'Yes, sir.' 'And did he ever fight a battle on the top of that hill?' 'Oh, yes, sir, every body

"This anecdote is a literal fact."

says so.' 'Parnassus and Olympus! can this be possible, and historians remain so shamefully silent?—O Mars, Bellona, Juno, and all ye belligerent powers, what could have induced you to set Napoleon in a pet, sparring on the top of a hill in North Wales?—But who did he fight with?—when did it happen?—how many soldiers?—how many killed?—how many?' 'Bonaparte met the Duke of Wellington up there, and they two fought hand to hand like hearty brave chaps as they were; and the Duke of Wellington killed Bonaparte as dead as a door-nail, and buried him, and that thing has been built to mark the place. What think you of that now?' 'What do I think of it?—why, 'tis the best bit of news I have heard this week.' 'Ah, you may say that when you write home to your mamma.'"

We have only to repeat, that we have been reluctant to notice this work in the harsh language of truth, for it seems to be a first effort. But the writer, whoever he is, if he wish to secure any share of public approbation, and not be expelled with disgrace from the field of literature, must severely chastise his exuberance; remember the aphorism of Pope, that want of decency is want of sense; and, if his own head be too youthful for discretion, at any rate take the advice of judicious friends before he again ventures on a public appearance.*

The Comic Almanack for 1837, with 12 Illustrations on the Months, by George Cruikshank. London. Tilt.

"BACCHUS, ever fair and young," sung the Greeks: "Cruikshank, ever humorous and diverting," may the British sing. His "Comic" of this year, if possible, we think, improves upon the past. It is not only laughable from beginning to end, but gives us so many clever allusions, especially in art, to the topics of the times, that we must rank it far up among the witty productions of our lighter literature. Some of the prints are truly Hogarthian in composition, grouping, and abundance of subject, with all the accessories in keeping with, and augmenting the whim of, the general subject. But, even the slightest parts, the multitude of pin-head and silhouette figures, which almost require spectacles to see them well, are full of oddity and character. *The Artist and Droll* are evident in the most minute of them. Of course we can only report upon the merits of these performances; and what we can extract of the *littera scripta* affords but a poor notion of this clever and laughable annual, which, by the by, contains, besides, all the customary utilitarian matter: but we must copy a few brief instances. January, which is capitally illustrated by the apparition of "last year's bills," personified in the most grotesque style, has a small group of frozen-out gardeners, thus be-rhymed:—

"Poor half-starv'd, froze-out gardeners, good gentlefolk,
Hard lines for us, my masters all, as ever you did see:
We sit among the trenches in a shake and in a shiver,
And our poor little babbies are without a bit of kiver;
Like snails among the cabbages, they curl themselves around,
Or, like the little caterpillars, grabbing on the ground.
We wander home, and dreads to hear of some mishap or other,
And scarcely dares to ax the pretty darlings, 'how's your mother?'"

* Though we have fancied this to be a youthful production, we are not sure that it may not be by an experienced hand. It is difficult to unravel the imposing mystery of publishing. We see, for instance, the "Floral Telegraph," reviewed in our last, paragraphed in the journals as the work of Captain Marryat; which must be a deception, for it has nothing either of his style, manner, or character of mind.

She sold her mangle long ago,—'twere better far her priggish;
For we only turns up apades when'er we tries our
Without some rain 'tis all in vain. Alack! our hearts
is breaking, [a-rah-ing:
And surely we should break our teeth if we should go
So, night and day, we ever pray the lord it may be going,
No more they'll let us owe, unless we gets a little hoing!
The parish board don't hend our word; but, looking
black or blue, [Who are you?
They reads the Hact of Parliament, and then cries—
So help the froze-out gardeners, kind masters every one,
For while you're sporting on the ice, we're starving
till it's gone."

February has a ludicrous plate of Valentine shooters, shooting pens *pro* love's arrows; and is thus introduced:—

"No more the farmer's dame shall rue
The slaughter of her poultry crew;
Compell'd, this month, to sign a truce
With turkey, donkey, pig, and goose,
The Cockney sportsman grounds his arms,
And dickey birds are free from harms;
Percussion guns become a jest,
Put on their caps, and go to rest."

April 1 is marked as "Sapientia: cockneys commence angling for red-herrings;" and there is a whimsical piece of a lord mayor finding a mare's nest. In June 21, 2, 3, 4, the great events recorded run so:—

"Daniel Lambert died. Grand diet for worms.
The grave-digger fled, all a-shiv'ring and shaking,
For old mother earth she cried,
With a terrible groan: 'Why the deuce are you making
This precious big hole in my side?'"

July is distinguished by the dog-days, and we have a receipt

"How to make a Mad Dog. By a Knowing Hand.
Tie a dog that is little and one that is large
To a truck or a barrow as big as a large
Their mouths girded tight with a rugged old cord (or
They'll put out their tongues) by the magistrates' order;
So you save 'em the trouble of feeding, I think,
Or the loss of your time by their stopping to drink.
I end 'em out, 'tis a neighbourly duty, of course,
And mind they've a load that would stagger a horse.
If you've nothing to draw, why yourselves let 'em carry,
(sons
Of she dogs!) or else they'll be drawing comparisons.
With a stick or a kick make 'em gallop away,
And smoke through the streets in a piping hot day,
Where Mac Adam is spreading his pebbles about,
And they'll pick up their feet all the quicker, no doubt;
More than all, don't allow them their noses to wet;—it
Will keep 'em alert by the 'wish they may get it.'
All pleasure must end! when they drop head and tail,
With their muzzles all froth, like a tankard of ale,
Turn 'em loose in the road with a whoop and a holla,
And get all the thieves and the blackguards to follow.
It's a precious good lark for the neighbours, you'll find,
With the mad dogs before and the sad dogs behind,
And you'll ne'er be molested, rely on my word,
If you keep 'em from biting a bishop or lord."

November, with St. Cecilia's Day, has a new poem (neither Pope nor Dryden's), on the powers of music, whence we cull two or three stanzas:—

"Music hath pow'r over all the world:
By the old and young 'tis prized.
'Tis loved by the great, 'tis loved by the small,
And by the middle-sized."

Music hath pow'r over lady fair,
When stars thro' heav'n are straying;
And under her window her own true-love
On the hurdy-gurdy's playing."

Music hath pow'r in the morn of life
A pow'r not unfelt by any one.
No trumpet e'er sounds, in after-days,
So sweetly as youth's penny one."

Music hath pow'r in age to recal
Sweet thoughts of youth and home.
Oh! how my heart-strings crack to hear
A boy blow thro' a comb!

Music hath pow'r in the solemn aisles,
A deep and a holy charm:
When the clerk, with a pitch-pipe symphony,
Strikes up the hundredth psalm."

Music hath pow'r in the Theban halls.
I've been where thousands sat;
And heard a thousand peans rise
To welcome 'All round my hat!'"

Music hath pow'r in the city's din.
How passing sweet to list,
Amid the busy hum of men,
To the barrel-organist!
Music hath pow'r on Hybla's hill,
When summer bees are humming;
And fair hands charm the insect band,
On frying-pan sweetly strumming."

Music hath pow'r when lady lins
Chant forth some doleful ditty
Of blighted hope or hapless love!—
Providing the lady's pretty.
Music hath power on Greenland's ice,
When guileless hearts grow gladder,
And nimble feet rejoice at the sound
Of a dozen peas in a bladder.
Music hath pow'r over brutish hearts,
To shake them to their middle.
The nightingale dies on the poet's lute;
And a bear will dance to a fiddle.
Yes! music hath power o'er the wide, wide world:
A pow'r that's deep and endearing.
But music now has no pow'r on me,
For I'm very hard of hearing."

The hieroglyphic is as worthy of attention as any that ever Dr. Dee, Partridge, or even Dr. Moore invented: but it is time to finish; and we conclude with some "Scraps from the Annual Register:—"

"Feb. 10.—An eminent apothecary in the New Road attended at Marylebone office, to prosecute his errand-boy, who, when sent out with medicine, being versed in Shakespeare, used to 'throw physic to the dogs,' and sell the empty bottles: the boy had spent the money in going to see the *Bottle Imp*. The doctor said his suspicions were first excited by finding his patients suddenly getting well. His worship at first threatened the culprit with the pillory and the black-hole; but afterwards changed the sentence into pills and a black draught, as more severe, and desired his master to take him home and dose him.

"March 10.—A young lady at the Bucks county ball was apparently seized with convulsions in the midst of a quadrille. Her mamma ran to her assistance, and matters were soon restored. It seems that, her waist having been reduced to the minimum of magnitude, she was always obliged to be unhooked behind before she could sneeze.

"May 25.—An elderly gentleman was charged with having kissed a lady for a lark in the fields near Kentish Town. He was fined five shillings for not being a better naturalist, with an admonition from the worthy magistrate, that most of the birds in that district belonged to the order 'passer.'

"Sept. 1.—A sporting cockney was unlucky enough to hit a cow in the calf of her leg at Hornsey. She was no sooner in a limp than he was in a hobble, and he found to his cost that leg of beef is not always to be peppered with impunity.

"Sept. 12.—Mr. Curtis announced his intention of standing for the borough of *Eye*, in the event of a dissolution of parliament, and made his opening speech to the voters amidst cries of 'Ear! Ear!'

TEN POEMS. *Batch the Fourth.*

1. *Tales in Verse.* By Mary Howitt. Pp. 212. (London, Darton and Son.)—This volume is as pretty a little girl or boy. There is scarcely a writer of the day who better understands what is suited to the capacities of children than Mrs. Howitt. She seems to have thrown her thoughts into a channel no deeper than may be

* *Approves* of Mr. Curtis; and, looking at the sixth edition of his "Acoustics," &c. recently published, we may notice, that many opinions of the possibility of conveying intelligible sounds to great distances have been at different times entertained. Mr. Dick, of Glasgow, in his "Christian Philosopher," thinks it highly probable that, by means of acoustic tunnels, a clergyman, sitting in his own room in Edinburgh, might address a congregation in Musselburgh, or Dalkeith, or even in Glasgow. And Mr. Curtis, the inventor of many ingenious instruments applicable to the science, when speaking on the "Physiology and Diseases of the Ear," asserts, that intelligence might be conveyed, by his acoustic chair, from St. James's to the Houses of Lords and Commons, and from London to the castle at Windsor. On the same principle, a song sung at the Italian Opera House, might be heard at all the other theatres in London, and Mr. Wheatstone has actually performed something of this kind. In these days of universal improvements, might not these suggestions be turned to further and good account?

fashioned by their minds. The "Olden Times" is a beautiful poem, embodying much information of the "gray and the forgotten years," in a style so simple, clear, and musical, that the young cannot but comprehend it, and the old will find a pleasure in its perusal. We should have made an extract, had not several of the poems appeared before in the *Annals*. The illustrations, by Mr. John Browne, are gems in their way. We have rarely seen any wood-engravings excel the designs in this little volume. The binding is also beautiful; and we recommend it as a Christmas present to all good children.

2. *Lady Alice, with Legends, Translations, &c.* By John Henry Keane, Pp. 212. (London, Pickering.)—This slight volume possesses more merit than the generality of poems which come under our perusal. The author has evidently the feeling of poetry within him—the grand chaos of fancies and imaginings, mingled with images of beauty, and glimmerings of sunny shores, and beeting crags, and wild beings, "matted and massed" together. Praise is poised upon a fine equilibrium on the point of our pen; but, no—not yet. Mr. Keane has it in his power to do greater things than these; he will obtain clearer views of the beautiful garden in which he has set his foot, he will strike the strings with a more masterly hand, and draw forth sweeter sounds; then we will listen to him, through a long summer's day; and, until then, let him study. He wants but the art—the true feeling is strong within.

3. *The Prodigal Son.* By W. Bennet. (London, Miller.)—The author has fixed, in good sized capitals, after the above title, a poem, beside which, some way has written *quest*. However, Mr. Bennet has produced some verses on that beautiful parable—which verses we have read even to the *fatted calf*; and if the *Lost Son* was welcomed home with such music as our author has furnished his readers with here, we opine, that he would once more have exchanged his home for the hawks and harmony of the hogs. We would fain see the simple and naïf of the holy Scripture left in its unadorned beauty, or only touched by the hand of genius.

4. *The Pilgrim of Avon.* By Leigh Cliffe, Esq. Author of the *Sceptic*, &c. (London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—This poem is a tribute to the genius of Shakespeare, and does credit to the author's feelings. It contains some beautiful thoughts—all expressed in smooth harmonious language, and with a charming enthusiasm. There are stanzas which, for their splendour and imagery, might pass for the bard of Tara's. It is also written in aid of the funds for repairing the chancel and monument of the monarch of poets, at Stratford-upon-Avon; and this, with its real merits, ought to command more than popular attention.

5. *Basil Harlow: Esther More.* By Catherine Grace Godwin. Author of the "Wanderer's Legacy," the "Improving Angel," &c. (London, Parker.)—Mrs. Godwin is not only an able, but a ready writer. It but a few weeks since we noticed one of her pretty little works for the amusement and edification of youth; and here are two others. The object of the first is to show, that "prudentiality is not generosity;" that of the second, to prove that "truth is wisdom;" we know not which axiom is the more valuable. The stories in which these moral lessons are inculcated, are full and variety and interest. They are calculated to delight the class of readers for whom they are more immediately intended; and the perusal of them might be very beneficial to some "children of a larger growth," with whom we happen to be acquainted.

6. *Enneth, the Irish Patriot: and other Poems.* By M. E. Dudley. Pp. 113. (London, Fry; Harvey and Darton.)—We wish the author had chosen some other subject for a poem, for any matter connected with a party feeling, though even remotely, must have its disadvantages; although a reviewer is, perhaps, the last person it influences. We speak this advisedly. The author of this volume possesses a mind and feeling that with a proper cultivation may lead to better things: it contains several pleasing passages, with touches here and there that are beautiful. Of its faults we shall make no mention: we would sooner use the pruning-hook than the axe; sooner dig about, and delve, and water, than uproot and destroy. We have love for the plants of poetry, though they be but small; but no dry sapless twig stuck in the ground can deceive us: when there is no hope of growth, we throw it with the weeds upon the fire; when there is, we cherish it; and we admit the present author into our nursery-grounds.

7. *Leys of Poland.* By the Author of "The Sea Wolf." Pp. 48. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—There is much power of thought displayed in this little work—soul-stirring passages that come upon us like the startling sound of a trumpet. If poetry could have freed Poland, she would long ago have had the eagle's sweep; but the harp and song are not the heart and hand necessary for so great a work. The walls of Jericho are no longer obedient to the sound of music. Nevertheless, this production says much for the warmth of its author's heart towards that ill-starred nation.

8. *The Loves of the Roses.* By Richard Whiffen. — We have already paid our tribute of praise to the talents of this highly promising poet; and hope that it will not be long before his works appear in a more booklike shape than the present. "The Fairy's Flower Garden" is our favourite in this collection. We believe Mr. Whiffen has the true calling, the sterling requisites for a poet.

9. *Sir Orfeo, and other Poems.* Pp. 107. (London, Sotheby.)—*Sir Orfeo* is a poem on
"Forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear."

It is not, however, devoid of merit: there is much pleasing description, with occasional flights of fancy, which, if not of the highest order, are such as ought to command notice. It is one of those books which a reviewer can praise and censure with equal justice, abounding more in faults than beauties; and yet, as the production of a young author, in nowise deficient in the latter. Of a verity there is nothing mighty, "no thoughts that breathe and words that burn;" still there is much that is readable and pleasing, indicating better things.

10. *Egmont Races, a Poem, Comic, Punning, and Racy.* By Thomas Hood the Younger. — This work is from the private press of the same gentleman whom we mentioned in our review of "Tusser's Husbandrie." The author confesses that, although he is no freebooter, he is *Robbing Hood*; and he is, upon the whole, so "gentle a thief," that we cannot but encourage him in his larceny. A dose from these pages in cut-throat November will chase away a whole host of bad spirits, and begin to revive any reader.

King's Arctic Expedition.

(Concluded.)

FURTHER on, describing the customs, &c. of the Indians, with interesting accounts of whom the review in our last *Gazette* terminated, Mr. K. says—

"The ceremony of marriage is extremely simple. A day having been appointed, the father of the girl intentionally absents himself, while a tent is erected for the happy pair. 'What is that I observe!' exclaims the Indian on his return, with pretended astonishment; 'a new tent! it must be for my son-in-law.' A feast is then made, to which the parents and friends of both parties are invited; when to the assembled company the bride is introduced by her mother as the wife of the Indian, whose name she mentions, and at once becomes the mistress of the new habitation. Several speeches are then made on the occasion complimentary of the parties, particularly with regard to the lady, whose beauty is extolled to the skies.

'Behold, my brethren, her broad flat face, small eyes, high-cheek bones, low forehead, broad chin, hooked nose, tawny hide, and pendulous breasts, and you will say with me, she is the very essence of perfection. Only perceive what strength she exhibits: a weight of two hundred pounds is nothing for her to carry; and as for hauling a sledge, she will vie with any of the tribe.' Such is a Northern Indian's idea of the beauty and accomplishments of the fair sex. With very many of the tribes, the females are not allowed to judge for themselves, but are betrothed, at a very early period, to those considered most able to support them; and in some cases their parents receive a remuneration for their lost services. With other tribes, marriage originates from pure affection; this is especially the case with the Crees, Chipewyans, Santoux, and Copper Indians. Among the Flat Heads, a tribe bordering upon the North Pacific Ocean, a singular custom prevails in this respect. The Indian belle, on returning from the river-side, with her barked dish charged from the limpid stream, is accosted by her lover with the request of a drink of water. After he has partaken thereof, should the object of his affections proceed with the remainder to the camp, it is considered as an acceptance of his offer of marriage; but if, on the contrary, she should return to the water-side for a fresh supply, it implies a refusal. Plurality of wives is common amongst them; and as regards the number, they are guided by their capabilities of supplying them with provision. They live very happily together, and the wives are very submissive to their husbands, who have, however, occasionally their fits of jealousy, and punish any act of infidelity by cutting off their hair, nose, or ears; which is considered as a severer punishment than blows, although these are frequently inflicted with such cruelty as to occasion death. This severity generally proceeds

from the infidelity having been practised without the permission of the husband; for it does not appear that chastity is considered by them as a virtue, or that fidelity is believed to be essential to the happiness of a wedded life: a temporary interchange of wives is not uncommon, and the offer of their persons is considered as a necessary part of the hospitality due to strangers. This may account for the rapid and fatal extension of disease introduced amongst them by European visitors. They are still extremely particular as regards their funeral rites, and in the due observance of them. Some of the tribes bury their dead dressed in the same clothes in which they breathed their last, all the property the deceased possessed being laid beside the corpse. Among others, however, the body is placed, together with the property, in a canoe, which is then elevated on a platform or on the branches of a tree. To the westward of the rocky mountains, a few tribes burn their dead, and afterwards bury the ashes, previously deposited in a vessel made of pot-stone. On their tombs are carved or painted the symbols of their tribe, which are taken from the different animals of the country; and, in addition, they place in a conspicuous situation some tobacco, a pipe, and ammunition, that they may not be destitute of the means of subsistence in the other world. With those who believe in the transmigration of the soul, it is customary to place a small bow and arrow in the right hand of the dead, that they may be enabled to hunt their way back again to this world. Should an Indian have died in the flower of his youth, and his mother be still living, a lock of her hair is placed in his left hand: this, they consider, will have its influence in causing him to be born again of the same parent. The Chipewyans have been charged with insensibility in not burying their dead: it arises, however, from necessity, owing to the high latitudes they inhabit; and then the rite is neglected only during a season of famine or disease. At Fort Reliance, all those that died were left as a prey to the carrion-crow or ravenous wolf; whose bodies might indeed have been secured by logs of wood, since those calamities occurred in the vicinity of the forests; and I have not a shadow of doubt that this precaution would have been observed, had not the emaciated condition of those that survived rendered them incapable of such exertion. That they are not deficient in common respect to the memory of their departed friends, is made manifest in a long period of mourning, and in the destruction, not only of the property belonging to the deceased, but of their own also; and, as a token of extreme regret and sorrow, they frequently cut off their hair, blacken their faces with charcoal, and mutilate themselves in a dreadful manner. The celebration of the return of the seasons, by religious festivals, is only retained by a few tribes beyond the pale of civilisation, except on very particular occasions. It exists more particularly among the natives bordering upon the Columbia River. They sacrifice the first salmon that is caught with great solemnity, when a speech is delivered by the chief, beseeching the Master of Life to shew his goodness towards them, by granting a prosperous fishing season. The Chipewyans and Crees, in the course of the hunting season, make sacrifices somewhat after the same manner; but they are generally confined to the conjurers, or cunning men of the tribe. These *medicine-men*, as they call themselves, are supposed to possess supernatural power, and are invariably consulted previously to the waging of war, or the taking of a decided step of any

kind: from their decision there is no appeal. The Crees attribute their knowledge of the medicinal virtues of many of the vegetable and mineral productions of their country to deceased wise men, by whom they suppose it to have been communicated to them in dreams. It is a matter of melancholy reflection, that the civilisation of the North American Indians, a numerous race, gifted with the finest qualities that human nature is capable of displaying, should have been obstructed, rather than promoted, by their communication with Europeans: but so it is. They have, by force of example, been taught every vice that could tend to their degradation; while they have not been instructed in those arts which would have added to their comforts and conveniences. At the same time that their land is taken from them, either by force or artifice, they are debased by a ruinous system of traffic, particularly by that adopted by those engaged in the fur-trade, which has been the means of removing from the face of the globe many numerous tribes that once composed the finest and noblest of the uncivilised nations of the north. * * * When they become advanced in life, and no longer able to hunt, they are refused a supply of ammunition, which has become essential to their very existence; and they die, consequently, from absolute starvation. These evils have been increasing upon them, of late, to so great an extent, that they have become cannibals by necessity; and scarcely a month passes but some horrid tale of cannibalism is brought to the different establishments. By comparing the value given to the Indians for their furs, and the price they are sold for by the Hudson's Bay Company in London, we may draw our conclusions as to the oppression of those people. Three marten-skins are obtained for a coarse knife, the utmost value of which, including the expense of conveying it to those distant regions, cannot be estimated at more than sixpence; and three of these skins were sold, last January, in London, for five guineas. With the more expensive furs, such as the black fox, or sea-otter, the profit is more than tripled; and, but a few years ago, a single skin of the former species sold for fifty guineas, while the native obtained, in exchange, the value of two shillings. Surely that honourable company which, by royal charter, is permitted to reap such golden harvests, might appropriate a small fund to rescue from starvation the decrepit and diseased who, in their youthful days, have contributed to its wealth. * * * Dr. Hodgkin, whose continued and solicited attention has been directed for years towards the unhappy fate of the North American Indians, suggested, on my arrival in England, the propriety of teaching the aborigines the Lapland system of training the reindeer; and thus making them a pastoral people in the first instance, which would naturally lead them, in the course of time, to agricultural pursuits. A more certain method of ameliorating their condition, in my opinion, could not have been conceived; for they already evince a fondness for animals in a tame state, which was apparent with regard to bears, foxes, and many smaller animals, constantly met with as pets amongst them. The most desirable pasturage in the summer season might be found in the luxuriant growth of rich grass, along the whole course of the Great Fish River, but which, in the present condition of the Indians, is of no value to them. That vast extent of country may, with great propriety, be called No Man's Land; for the wars which have existed between the far northern Indians and the Esquimaux have made them so fearful of each

other, that they leave that wide space at the will and pleasure of the animals who sport there. Millions of deer find security, therefore, while human beings, both north and south of them, are dying of starvation. What advantage would accrue to these unhappy people, if peace could be firmly established amongst them! The Copper Indians and Chipewyans are extremely eager to enter into an amicable arrangement with the shivering tenants of the arctic zone, fully aware of the benefit which would accrue from that step; but to effect this they require our interference. What a wide field is here exposed for the humane attention of a liberal country! and a few hundred pounds would be sufficient to effect this grand object."

Their legend of the creation is curious and entertaining.

"Old Soul (says our author), a Chipewyan, and renowned warrior in his youthful days, freely and cheerfully related to us the tradition current among his tribe with regard to the creation, being in substance as follows:—The Indian did not pretend to give an opinion in what way man got into the world, but commenced by saying he made his first appearance during the summer months, when the berries were abundant on the earth, upon which his subsistence entirely depended. As soon as the winter set in, the depth of snow inconvenienced him in so great a degree, that, in accordance with the trite adage, 'necessity is the mother of invention,' he at once conceived the formation of the snow-shoe. After the lapse of a short time, the birchen frames were perfected; but, as he could not net them, for that was a woman's work, they remained unfinished in his lodge; from which circumstance his labour was very much increased, and the chance of gaining a subsistence became every day more precarious. One day, on returning to his hut, a noise, as if some one was working at the snow-shoe frames, attracted his notice; and, upon a nearer approach, a wood-partridge flew from the opening at the top, which, at that time, he paid little regard to. The succeeding day he sallied forth on another hunting excursion; and, having remained out until quite dark, his attention was suddenly drawn towards his hut by the appearance of volumes of smoke issuing from it. Returning home with all speed, he perceived a wood-partridge again make its escape; and, on entering the tent, found his snow-shoes more than half netted, and carefully placed beyond the reach of a fire that was blazing inside. Suspecting the partridge had effected all this, though in what manner could not be divined, he determined to secure it if at all practicable; and, with this view, the roof of the tent was carefully closed prior to his departure on another hunting trip which he took a few days afterwards. It occurred to him that, by returning earlier than usual, the bird might be taken by surprise; he, therefore, approached the door of the tent with the utmost caution, and was fortunate enough by that means to cut off the retreat of the partridge, which instantly became metamorphosed into a young wife; whence the world soon became peopled."

Robert Burns did not know this tradition when he penned his lines anent the partridge, "a bonny hen."

With this we shall conclude. Mr. King's style is sometimes slovenly; and his best parts relate to natural history, especially ornithology. His project for raising 1000*l.* by subscription,

* Thus he speaks of "one of those snow-storms which at times are so overwhelming, that even the strong and hale fall victims to their rage, much less those whose frames have become weakened by a continuance of suffering and privation."

to cover the cost of another journey, was, as we have mentioned, not responded to, and we cannot regret its failure. He thinks the Fish River a better line than the Great Fish River; and speculates on contingences, the value of which remains to be ascertained. With regard to his deterioration of Capt. Back, we have to repeat, that we think it ill-judged, and not likely to incline willing ears to listen to his own designs. Altogether, however, his work contains (as we trust we have shewn) some interesting matter; and, with the deductions we have made, we think it well deserving of a place among books of popular information.

Portugal and Galicia, &c.
[Second notice: continued.]

LORD CARNARVON, pursuing his general remarks on the country through which he travelled with so observant a mind, and under such exciting circumstances, thus finely, and skilfully, and strikingly, draws the picture of the northern parts.

"I had now traversed the Entre Minho twice, and, during my second journey through the country, was still more impressed with a sense of its surpassing beauty. All that is most graceful in cultivated scenery, all that is most striking in the wild landscape, have combined to render this little district a fairy land. In the more sheltered situations of the Entre Minho, the tea-plant and the Cape jessamine grow with little care, while the azeirol, or *Prunus Lusitanica*, the cytissus, and several varieties of the Cistus tribe, are intermingled in gay profusion with the lofty broom of Madeira. The fields are full of Indian corn, the meadows are abundantly watered by artificial, as well as by their own natural and beautiful streams; the sides of the hills, converted into terraces, are cultivated with exquisite care; the vines climb up the highest trees, and at once embrace and unite the oak, the chestnut, and the poplar. Let the traveller pause in almost any valley of the Minho, and his eye will feast on all this rich detail of beauty; while, from the adjacent heights of granite rock, he will command a gorgeous scene of woodland, diversified by streams, and frequent cottages half seen, half hid, by their embowering groves; he will perceive spots almost inaccessible, yet reclaimed from the heathery mountain, planted with maize, and hanging, as if in the air; he will gaze with admiration on the many remnants of the old warrior castles, each invested with its peculiar legend, and guarded by its own enchanted Moors; and last, not least in beauty, on the convent towers, rising in peaceful pomp above the luxuriant plain. His heart must be insensible to external influences who can behold without delight, or quit without regret, such a favoured country. Even the stern victors of the ancient world, little prone to the soft emotions of our nature, were vanquished by the bewitching beauty of the valleys of the Cavado. Upon the banks of that matchless stream they threw down the national eagles, and refused to leave that happy land. They caught the poetic spirit of the people, they called the Lima and the Cavado the rivers of oblivion, and, in a fit of passionate enthusiasm, forgot the ties that bound them to their distant home, and renounced the glories of imperial Italy, for the pastoral and peaceful seclusion of the Minho. I have already observed that poetry and song are here much in vogue; indeed, they seem the spontaneous growth of the mind; that tendency to poetic expression and poetic exaggeration in the ordinary intercourse of life, which

characterises the inhabitants of the Trazos Montes, is equally remarkable in the Entre Minho, but is modified by the different character of the people and of the country. In the Minho the mind of man is more light and elastic, embellishing all it touches, investing matters of little interest with a nameless grace, and frequently adverting to common objects with an almost Oriental profusion of metaphor. But, in the Trazos Montes, the imagination of the mountaineer partakes of the gloom of his own less genial climate, and of the Gothic world. For instance, the crimson clouds, that surround the setting sun, would be compared by the gay people of the Minho, to the damask rose of their own enchanted valley of Barcelos; while the same clouds, in the Trazos Montes, would be likened to the blood of a slaughtered enemy. A difference equally striking pervades the provincial songs; soft and tender in the Minho, generally plaintive, but almost always celebrating the joys and sorrows of a gentle love; in the Trazos Montes they breathe more often the language of frantic passion and vehement revenge. The common peasant in the Entre Minho not unfrequently adopts the expressions, and understands the delicacy, of refined courtship; in the Trazos Montes he often holds the language, and is animated by the sentiments, of a hero. The inhabitants of both provinces are loyal to excess. In the Minho, it is the unthinking, reckless, laughter-loving loyalty of the Frenchman of the old school; but in the Trazos Montes, attachment to the sovereign is, in times of trouble, a stern, engrossing passion, which banishes every selfish consideration, and scarcely admits of a co-existing thought. The inhabitants of the Minho, under every fluctuation of feeling, enjoys equal and unclouded spirits; but his brother mountaineer, like the Highlander of old, is alternately wrought to the loftiest enthusiasm, or weighed down by the deepest dejection; and in that mood of mind, an omen from the river, or a cloud, will daunt a heart assailable by no mere mortal peril: he has, indeed, his golden dreams, his confident anticipations of success; but then he has his sure forebodings of approaching doom. Both the inhabitants of the Trazos Montes, and of the Minho, are devotedly attached to their native soil: the people of the Minho frequently maintain, that neither the rest of Portugal, nor any known portion of the globe, can compete in beauty with their valleys, but that heaven alone possesses such scenes of true enchantment."

The second volume, after reciting the stirring events of the revolution at Lisbon, in favour of Don Miguel, gives us the history of the author's tour in the provinces of the south—provinces seldom visited by the traveller—at all times wild and perilous, and at this period rendered infinitely more so by the progress of the change for the "absolute king." The descriptions of this portion of the journey are admirable in matter, and yet replete with poetical beauties. The personal adventure is also, if possible, more striking than in the north; and our countryman's dangerous imprisonment at Evora, a story of as deep and intense an interest as we ever read in fiction or reality. We are sorry we can afford room for so few examples.

"I rode (says the author) with Juan (a bandit sort of servant, of very doubtful fidelity) to Villa Nova, which is, perhaps, the best harbour on the Algarve coast; and then, directing my course into the interior, I travelled through a mountainous country to Fátima, one of the most ancient towns in Port. al. Placed on the

summit of a steep hill, it resembles, at a distance, a city of other days; an impression confirmed on nearer inspection by its massive walls, its overhanging houses, and old-fashioned windows. The women of Silves, and indeed of all the Algarve, are in face, and often in figure, extremely beautiful: their complexions are pale, but clear; their eyes, shaded by long dark lashes, are always fine, and generally distinguished by a soft and pensive expression, which pervades the countenance and even characterises the smile. Spanish charms dazzle and rivet the beholder: the beauty of the Algarvian, less full of fire, but fraught with more of tenderness, sinks not, however, less deeply in the heart.

"From Mertola I rode over a large tract of country, abounding in cork and covered with lavender and cistus, to a ruined house, then used as an inn, and situated in the heart of the wilderness, many miles distant from any other habitation. Here I stopped; for I was ill, and too exhausted to proceed further. Two noble storks were perched on a low tree near the house, and guarded a huge nest which they had built in its branches; while the lesser birds, availing themselves of window-frames that never yet inclosed a pane of glass, had made their habitation in the ceiling of my room, and flew to and fro, in utter disregard of mortal man. I was drinking tea when the Borderer entered, and informed me, that some peasants had intimated their intention of invading my apartment. They said, that in their youth they had often heard their fathers speak of the English, but had never themselves seen an individual of that nation, and were anxious to avail themselves of the present opportunity. I desired Juan to give my compliments, and say I should have great pleasure in being exhibited. On the strength of this invitation some wild-looking fellows appeared, and, standing in a row, fixed their stupid eyes upon me, as if determined to enjoy a perfect view of the wild beast; thus they gazed continuously upon me for some minutes, but never uttered a word, and at length departed as they came, without the slightest salutation. I was ill and shivering, though the evening was really warm; I therefore gladly established myself in the kitchen, for the sake of its roaring fire. The room was spacious, and imperfectly lighted; the chimney huge, and the roof high and pointed. Here I observed a man of singular appearance, sitting apart, and neither speaking himself nor spoken to by others. His face was pale and haggard, his eyes deep sunk, and his hairs were prematurely grey. The Borderer whispered in my ear, that he was one of the dreadful Lobishomens, a devoted race held in mingled horror and commiseration, and never mentioned without emotion, by the Portuguese peasantry. They believe, that if a woman be delivered of seven male infants successively, the seventh, by an inexplicable fatality, becomes subject to the powers of darkness, and is compelled, on every Saturday evening, to assume the likeness of an ass. So changed, and followed by a horrid train of dogs, he is forced to run an impious race over the moors, and through the villages; nor is allowed an interval of rest, till the dawning Sabbath terminates his sufferings, and restores him to his human shape. If, therefore, a peasant chance to meet a pale and weary traveller, at an early hour on a Sunday morning, he shudders, and in fancy sees the traces left by the infernal chase upon the stranger's haggard countenance. A wound inflicted upon the poor victim of this unlamented agency, during the very act of trans-

formation, can alone release him from such an accursed bondage; a liberation supposed to be most rarely effected, because few men have courage to behold the appalling change in progress, and still fewer have sufficient coolness to strike the critical blow at the exact moment. Such is the superstition of the Lobishomens, diffused more or less over the whole of Portugal, but subject to different versions in different districts, and only credited implicitly in the wild and lonely wastes of Alentejo."

(To be continued.)

Pinnock's Guide to Knowledge. Vols. I. II. III. and Parts 42 to 52 (for 1836).

At the outset of this periodical, we directed attention to its high claims upon the public approbation. Many of Mr. Pinnock's productions for the general information and the instruction of youth have reached a very widely extended degree of popularity, and now that we see the collected body of his present work before us, we can safely say that he never deserved better than he has done by the pains, industry, and intelligence bestowed upon it. Astronomy and geography are especially rendered easy studies by it, in a style which would do credit to publications of ten times the cost. Natural history is also well treated; and the parts devoted to history, biography, chemistry, the belles lettres, and useful arts and inventions, also exhibit a mass of miscellaneous value which can hardly be estimated too much. The plates, and above all the maps, are absolutely astonishing at so insignificant a price. Nothing but a prodigious sale could remunerate the proprietors, which, we believe, they have found, and were it doubled, as it probably will be, it will not go beyond their deserts.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CAPTAIN BACK.

[We insert the following letter, in order to do more formal and distinct justice to the gallant officer to whom it relates; but we are sure that the readers of the *Literary Gazette* would feel, from our own remarks which accompanied the notice of the charge, that it was utterly repudiated by us.—Ed. L. G.]

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

1 Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn,
21st Nov. 1836.

SIR,—I have to-day read the *Literary Gazette* of Saturday last, and beg to refer shortly to a review of Mr. King's "Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Arctic Ocean," under the command of my brother, Captain Back. The passage I am desirous of calling your attention to is,—he (Mr. King) insinuates that Back abandoned the Arctic coast too soon. Now, by reference to page 16 of the preliminary chapter of Captain Back's Journal, his instructions from government will appear, wherein (speaking of the expedition) it is stated,—"whatever may be its prospects or success, you are on no account to prolong it beyond such a period of the year (varying from the 12th to the 20th of August, according to the distance you may have attained) as will insure your return to your winter quarters before the severe weather sets in."

In Capt. Back's Journal, pages 425-6, c. 7, under the date of the 15th August, 1834, the following passages occur:—"Every resource was exhausted; and it was in vain to expect that any efforts, however strenuous, could avail against the close-wedged ice and the constant fogs, which enveloped every thing in impenetrable obscurity. I had for some time cherished the notion of dividing the party, leaving four to protect the boat and property, whilst the remainder, with Mr. King, would have accompanied me on a land journey to Point Turnagain; but this scheme was

completely frustrated by the impracticability of carrying any weight on a silt in which, at every step, we sunk half-leg deep, destitute of shrubs or moss for fuel, and almost without water, over which we must have travelled for days to have made even a few miles of longitude; and when, finally, if sickness had overtaken any one, his fate would have been inevitable. Thus circumstanced, therefore, and reflecting on the long and dangerous stream, combining all the bad features of the worst rivers in the country that we had to retrace, the hazards of the falls and rapids, and the slender hope which remained of our attaining even a single mile further, I felt that I had no choice; and, assembling the men, I informed them, that the period fixed by his Majesty's government for my return had arrived. The intimation was received with extreme satisfaction."

I hope the above extracts will induce you to conclude, that Captain Back remained on the coast as long as he was warranted by his instructions; and that, under the circumstances, the insinuation, "that he abandoned the Arctic coast too soon," is not entitled to any weight. As an act of justice, you will, perhaps, have the kindness to state in your next *Journal* the above fact, so as to remove from the minds of your readers any impressions unfavourable to Capt. Back's character and hard-earned fame.

By the same instructions from government it will appear, that my brother was bound to explore the "Great Fish River," and to follow its course to the sea; but, as the "Fish River" is not mentioned in his instructions, I conceive he would not have been justified in exploring the latter supposed stream, and abandoning all search for the former. I am, &c.

CHARLES BACK.

Our Berlin Correspondent.—The homœopathic school has sunk here into such discredit, that our physicians do not even trouble themselves to read the books which are published to refute the Hahnemannian doctrines; they take it as an axiom that it is false, so needs not to be refuted. Quite otherwise is it in the south of Germany: in the grand duchy of Baden there exists a society of homœopathic physicians, who have their regular meetings, and publish their transactions. They pretend that the merits of the system will be acknowledged universally, when the obstacles which egotism puts in its way are removed by time. I am glad to be able to announce to you, in conclusion, that from the press of Berlin there will shortly issue two works of the utmost importance to the learned. The first is *Gellius*: it is known that the existing editions, even the best of them (Gronovius), contain only a mutilated text of this estimable writer of the silver age of Roman literature. Now, there has been found, by a German philologist, a *codex rescriptus* (Palimpsestus), in one of the libraries at Rome, (I am not sure whether it is the Vatican library, or that of Prince Barberini), in which all the passages missing, together with the Greek quotations, are extant. An edition, formed after this precious *codex*, will be published by the Berlin bookseller, Eichler. I am not yet at liberty to name the scholar who made the discovery, and who will, of course, superintend the publication. The second literary production (published by the same house) is that of the *Opera Omnia* (not including, however, his mathematical works, which are already in every man's hands) of Leibnitz, the great founder of the Berlin Royal Academy, after the Hannover manuscripts, all in Latin.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEW DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.

From a letter from Professor Wilhelm Zahn, dated Naples, October 29th, 1836.

ON the 13th of this month, a valuable treasure of sixty-four silver vessels, was dug up in a house in the Strada di Mercurio, opposite to the house of Castor and Pollux, in the presence of his majesty, the King of Naples, and of his two brothers, Prince Leopold and Prince Anthony. They were discovered in a wooden box, in a mean apartment to the right of the atrium of this house. It is remarkable, that this apartment is separated only by a wall, from that in which the fourteen fine silver vases were found on the 23d of March, 1835. This latter discovery is a table-service for four persons, and consists of sixty-four pieces; namely, one dish, with two handsomely ornamented handles, one palm and one inch in diameter. One vase (in the shape of a mortar), ornamented, in *alto-relievo*, with grapes and vine-leaves very highly wrought; it is five inches in height, and six in diameter at the top. Two vases (goblet-form), half a palm high, and the same in diameter, ornamented with animated bacchanalian representations, in the finest *basso* and *alto-relievo*: on one of the vases is a young Bacchus riding on a panther, and on the other he is represented sitting on an ox: there are, besides, many other figures and attributes. These two vases are quite equal to the finest of the fourteen discovered last year. There are also twelve plates, each with two beautifully executed handles. The four largest plates are eight inches, the next four seven and half, and the four smallest seven inches, in diameter. Sixteen cups, or small soup-tureens, of which each four are similar. These, also, are furnished with handles. The larger ones measure five and a half, and the smaller cups, four inches, in diameter. Four small moulds for pastry, each two and a half inches in diameter; four small vessels, each having three feet, somewhat resembling our salt-cellar, and three inches in diameter; eight grooved dishes, four of which measure five inches at the upper ridge, and the others, three and a half, in diameter; one fine vase, with a handle, in the form of an amphora, ten and half inches high, and four inches in diameter at the mouth; two small very fine stew-pans, with tastefully ornamented handles, five inches in diameter, and two and a half high; one spoon, with a highly wrought handle, three inches in diameter; one mirror, in the form of a patera, with a perpendicular handle, eight inches in diameter; two spoons and five *ligula* (spoons and forks in one piece). This discovery is the richest treasure of the kind that has yet been met with in Pompeii, and all the vessels are in excellent preservation. A table-napkin was found between two of the plates. The apartment in which these vessels were found, as also the one adjoining, above alluded to, were excavated by the ancients, as appears from a hole in the wall, and the ashes being much turned up; but the persons who made this search cannot have been the owners, as they never would have left treasures of such value. The sixty-four silver vessels were taken on the 14th of October to the Royal Museum, where they have been subsequently exposed to public view.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

G. R. PORTER, Esq. in the chair.—First meeting of the session 1836-7. Two members were elected, and various donations, made during the recess, were announced. Amongst these was a curious Chinese work in six volumes, published at Canton: it is entitled

"*Tain-Shin Shoon Shoo*," and forms a sort of royal blue-book, or court-calendar of all the officers of the Celestial Empire, civil, military, and ecclesiastical. No European is allowed to possess a copy of this work. Mr. J. Calder Stewart, of Canton, however, by some means obtained a copy, and liberally presented it to the Society. Two communications were read; the first was an abstract of the proceedings of the statistical section of the British Association at the late meeting held at Bristol, by Henry Hallam, Esq. This paper appears to have been drawn up with attention; but, as we have already reprinted every thing of interest in the statistical section during the sitting of the Association when at Bristol, it is unnecessary in this place to notice Mr. Hallam's abstract in detail. A second paper, entitled, "On the Application of Statistical Facts to Statistical Science," by Mr. Atkinson, was also read. The author states the object of this paper to be, that of calling the attention of the members of the Society to a consideration of those laws which affect the condition of mankind, in their social intercourse, as respects the commercial exchanges of the fruits of their labour; a subject which he alleges Englishmen are, up to the present moment, in a state of lamentable "backwardness." He then places in juxtaposition a variety of passages taken from the works of Smith, Ricardo, Say, McCulloch, Scrope, and other writers on political economy, to shew that little progress has been made towards developing the truth of the science: these writers, he endeavours to prove, arrive at conclusions directly opposite to each other; and that, too, not in regard to trifling or minute points, but as respects the greatest and most important propositions which the study of statistical science, as relates to commerce, presents. To get rid of these defects, he recommends the collection of facts, and the elimination of all abstract definitions. Some conversation, commenced by Mr. Hallam, followed the reading of the last paper: the feeling of the members who spoke appeared to be, that the subject treated of by the author scarcely came within the scope of the Society's design.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Nov. 17th. J. E. Gray, Esq. in the chair.—This was the first meeting held in the Society's rooms, in John Street, Adelphi. Mr. Irvine read a paper, containing many facts relating to the science, and the results of observations made by him in its pursuit in the neighbourhood of London. It appears that the number of species of plants found in Great Britain is about 1600; of which about 1000 may be obtained within a circle of 25 miles round the metropolis. Mr. Irvine had himself found 670 different species within two miles of Hampstead, and 900 within the same distance of the town of Croydon. The neighbourhood of London is considered to be the richest in the kingdom in objects of botanical research; and the inhabitant of this smoky city has thus every encouragement to pursue that delightful and healthful occupation. The 1500 different species found in Great Britain comprise all the species existing in Lapland and Sweden, with scarcely any exception. Also about three-fourths of those growing in Germany, which is computed to contain about 2000; and about two-fifths of the species found in France, which is said to number about 4000; the southern provinces bordering on the Mediterranean adding greatly to the variety of the vegetable products of that kingdom. The members expressed a wish for the establishment of

a botanical garden, on a scale suitable to the metropolis, and measures are forthwith to be considered for accomplishing this desideratum.

Another meeting of the Society was fixed for the 29th instant; and it was determined that the annual general meetings should in future be held on that day, it being the anniversary of the birth of the celebrated John Ray, the most distinguished of English botanists.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

W. H. Judd, Esq. in the chair.—Dr. Sigmond read a letter from Sir Robert Kerr Porter, giving an account of the *cucichunchullo*, a native remedy of great esteem in the Caraccas, and which, it was considered, might be introduced with success into this country. Some specimens of the plant accompanied the communication. Mr. Johnson made some remarks on the natural system of botany, after which Dr. Sigmond called the attention of the society to a specimen of opium, made from poppies grown in the botanic gardens in the Mauritius; but the quantity was too small to allow of its actual quality being ascertained to a certainty. Some native remedies of Peru, from M. Bollaert, who has been many years a resident in that country, were on the table. Some successful experiments were stated to have been made by Dr. Ryan, and other members, with regard to the external application of croton-oil, as a counter-irritant.

METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A MEETING of the members of this society was held at the Mechanics' Institution, Southampton Buildings, on Tuesday; Dr. Birkbeck, president in the chair.—It was resolved, "that the society resume its meetings." In consequence of the length of time that had passed since the last meeting, it was found necessary to elect officers to fill vacancies caused by resignation and removal. Mr. C. Shearman was elected Treasurer, in the place of Dr. Clutterbuck, resigned. Mr. W. H. White, M. B., was elected Secretary, in the place of Mr. T. Wilford, who has left England for a residence in Madeira. Rules for the admission of members were passed. The president read a very interesting paper, by Professor H. W. Dove of Berlin, on the various winds, and their causes. The meeting then adjourned.

GEOGRAPHY.

WANT of space prevents us this week from giving any further details of Mr. Schomburgk's expedition in Guayana; but we add Capt. Basil Hall's notice of the United States' expedition mentioned in our last.

"The expedition will consist of a frigate of 36 guns, a store-ship of 360 tons, two brigs of about 260 tons, and a schooner of 120 tons. The first object of the expedition is to examine thoroughly the Pacific Ocean, to ascertain the existence or non-existence of many islands which, from time to time, have been reported by whale-ships and others; and, if found, to survey them and fix their position. Subordinate to this is the intention of pushing, during the fine season, as far south as practicable, and of exploring the unknown regions of the Antarctic Ocean. It is expected that the expedition will be ready to start in the spring of 1837; and that it will be absent during a period of three years. An act has passed Congress for a grant of 60,000*l.* towards its outfit; and Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, of the United States' navy, a scientific and intelligent officer, has come to London, and has visited Paris and

Munich, for the purpose of procuring the best instruments that these three capitals can produce."

NEW CARRIAGE:—THE TRAVELLER'S SAFEGUARD.

ON Monday, the patentees of this new piece of machinery were obliging enough to demonstrate its principles and action to us upon Highgate Hill; and, we must add, greatly to our satisfaction. It is by means of a drag, which either coachman or guard can direct at pleasure, and with the utmost facility, so to impede or lock the wheels as entirely to regulate the motion of, or stop the coach. It is not possible to convey an idea of this invention without engravings; and we can only state, that, by moving a lever, the wheel is tightly grasped round the nave by a chain, and a weight of from ten pounds to ten tons imposed upon the action. Thus, in ascending the hill, the carriage was imperceptibly fixed, and the horses relieved from their pull and exhaustion, and recovering their wind till required for further exertion. In descending, the whole pressure of the load is by the same means taken off the animals, or partially allowed; and, indeed, the horses were taken out, and the well-regulated vehicle descended safely by its own weight. It is unnecessary for us to point out the many advantages likely to accrue from this improvement, which we consider to be of inestimable public interest. How much of comfort it must impart to travelling—how many limbs and lives it must yearly save—these are the leading reflections which suggest themselves; and we have to express our hope, that the application may be found to be, as we think it is, readily practicable, and that the invention will be universally adopted. We need, then, no longer dread horses falling, lynch-pins giving way, axles breaking, cattle running away, or a tithe of those accidents which are perpetually occurring upon every road in Great Britain.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Nov. 17.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Higginson, Queen's College; J. W. Peard, Exeter College; Rev. H. C. Legh, Brasenose College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Brodric, University College; D. J. Yonge, New Inn Hall; J. Stewart, Worcester College; J. R. Peake, Magdalen Hall; R. Lane, Queen's College; J. A. Beckett, Merton College; R. Gardiner, A. Darcey, Brasenose College; F. Burgh, Exeter College.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 16th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—J. W. Sanders, Trinity College; J. Jackson, Catharine Hall; C. E. Mayo, Clare Hall.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—E. D. Jackson, Trinity Hall.

Licentiate in Physic.—W. D. Williams, Corpus Christi College.

Bachelor in Physic.—G. H. Drawbridge, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. C. Radclyffe, Pembroke College; W. B. Delmar, St. John's College; J. Whitley, Queen's College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. BAILY in the chair.—It was communicated that a special general meeting had resolved to withhold the usual vote of thanks to Dr. Granville for the present of his work to the Society, entitled "The Royal Society in the Nineteenth Century." A certificate for ballot, in favour of Sir Edward Thomason, of Birmingham, was read. It set forth, amongst other things, that the candidate for election had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him by the king, for advancing the arts of the country. The ballot-box was carried round: the result was, sixteen negative, and nine affirmative balls. Sir Edward was, therefore, not elected. The title of a mathematical paper, by Dr. Thomson

of Glasgow, was read. A portion of a communication entitled, "Inquiries respecting the Constitution of Salts," was likewise read. The author, in this valuable paper, details a great number of results, and quotes Berzelius as authority for those which he himself had not found. The results generally refer to the constitution of the oxalates of zinc, magnesia, manganese, copper (the last very anomalous), potash, ammonia, soda (the least soluble of any), and then touches on the double oxalates, which, he states, are not so great as are supposed.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Ox Thursday, Col. Leake in the chair.—A magnificent gift of books, consisting of nearly a hundred volumes, from Mr. Hamilton, was presented and acknowledged by the Society. New members were proposed; after which, two very interesting papers were read. The first was a letter from Mr. Finlay (the possessor of an Attic farm) to Col. Leake, and of considerable importance to the geography of Attica. Mr. Finlay states several striking facts and arguments to decide the position of Demos of Aphidna, one of the original twelve confederated states of Attica; the site of which has hitherto been undetermined, though the place was so celebrated in the heroic war of the Tyndarides, to recover their sister Helen from Theseus.—The other was a letter from Mr. W. Hamilton, who is travelling in Asia Minor, and exploring antiquities of classic fame. He seems to be visiting a region of very great interest; and the extracts, read by Mr. Hamilton (to whom the letter was addressed), gave an account of several places of which Strabo is the ancient historian. It is dated Angura, 10th September, whither the writer had proceeded from Trebisond via Amasia (Pontus), the birth-place of the geographer we have just mentioned, and of the great Mithridates. The country is tranquil, and the sultan's firmans universally obeyed; though the Courts are represented as being fierce and independent, so that, whenever extended civilisation is attempted, they are likely to prove its chief obstruction. Among the ruins seen by the traveller was a Greek castle, with a descent to a well, the entrance to which was arched,—a proof of the very early knowledge of this feature of architecture by the Greeks. A bas-relief, given by Tessier, at Boghaz Kinei (which Mr. H. holds to be Tavium), is more fully explained; and a visit to a remarkable deposit of rock-salt, in a basin of red sandstones, leads to a valuable geological notice of the country. Mr. H. thinks there is no granite in Asia Minor (though Mount Ida and other places have been declared to be granitic): the principal formation consists of trap, porphyry, and other igneous rocks. At Angura, by pulling down a house, Mr. H. obtained access to a larger portion of a remarkable Greek inscription, on a temple dedicated to Augustus, than had previously been seen; but there are still other buildings in the way of its complete examination. In an excursion to a hilly part of the country, Mr. H. found the iron-ore dug from the earth and wrought by Mussulmans, precisely as Apollonius Rhodius describes the Kalybes in that occupation. Altogether, this communication possessed great curiosity and information; and we are sure, whenever—if ever—the details of the journey come before the public, they will be a treat of no common order.

Northern Antiquaries.—At a meeting of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, holden

at Copenhagen, on the 27th of October, for the purpose of electing a president, in the room of the late Honourable Counsellor Schlegel, the Society elected Professor E. C. Werlauff, Rector Magnificus of the University of Copenhagen, and well known by his writings relating to the Antiquities and History of the North.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M. Marylebone (M. Dehille on the Literature of France), 8½ P.M.
Tuesday.—Lambeth Literary (Dr. Southwood Smith on the Animal Economy), 8½ P.M.
Wednesday.—Royal Society (Anniversary), 11 A.M. Geological, 8½ P.M.
Thursday.—Antiquaries, 9 P.M. Zoological, 3 P.M. Islington Literary (Mr. Elliott on the Education of the Senses), 8 P.M. Southwark Astronomical (Mr. Wallis on the Construction of Telescopes), 8 P.M.
Friday.—Islington Literary Meeting for Discussion, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M. Islington Literary.

FINE ARTS.

Evidence relating to the Art of Engraving, taken before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Arts, 1836: reprinted, together with the Petition of Engravers which led to that Evidence being taken. To which is prefixed, a Brief Account of the Connection of Engraving with the Royal Academy of Arts of London. Illustrated with Notes. London. 8vo. Pp. 44. Longman and Co.

WHOEVER fancies that an engraver is a mere copyist is exceedingly mistaken. It is true, that "the composition of form," in his works, is not his own.* But, independently of the mechanical skill which he must possess (an acquisition demanding many years of study and practice), he must, to become a distinguished member of his profession, be deeply imbued with a knowledge of some of the highest principles of the fine arts. Even in the technical quality of "drawing," the engraver is frequently under the necessity of correcting the inaccuracies of the painter;† but, with regard to "effect," that must always be a subject of consideration peculiarly and exclusively his own. The painter has the aid of colours; and very frequently, perhaps too frequently, trusts to colours alone for the production of his effect. In transferring pictures to copper or steel, the engraver, who has merely black and white, and the gradations between them, to depend upon, is compelled (we do not use the expression profanely) to "work out his own salvation:" a consummation which can be accomplished only by such a new arrangement of the *chiaroscuro*, as may compensate for the absence of colours. Few achievements in the arts are more difficult, or require more talent.

It is not surprising, that men, conscious of having so many just claims to regard, should feel sore at slight or neglect. Of that feeling, the pamphlet before us is the expression. Nine of our most eminent engravers, viz. Messrs. Doo, John Pye, Burnet, Fox, Goodall, Finden, Robinson, Watt, and Raimbach, last session presented to the House of Commons, by the hands of Dr. Bowring, a petition, complaining, "that, notwithstanding the high estimation in which the art of engraving, as practised in England, is held by surrounding nations, yet, neither the art itself, nor its most distinguished profes-

* This, however, is not invariably the case. Witness John Burnet's interesting and magnificent print, after his own design, of "Greenwich Pensioners celebrating the Anniversary of Trafalgar," which was some time ago noticed in the *Literary Gazette*.

† For instance, let any one compare Schiavonetti's admirable engravings, after Blake's designs, from "The Grave," with the designs themselves.

sors, have ever derived from the institutions of the country that consideration, encouragement, or respect, which it is presumed so useful a branch of art may fairly lay claim to." The petition was referred by the House to the Select Committee on Arts. By that committee two of the petitioners (Messrs. Burnet and Pye), and Mr. John Landseer, were called in and examined. The pamphlet contains a verbatim report of their evidence; the substance of which is as follows:—

Mr. John Burnet.—The art of engraving has arrived to so great a height in England, that it is known all over Europe; so much so, that pupils are sent to this country from the different academies, viz. from France, Holland, Russia, and Prussia, to finish their education. Some years ago it was the reverse; we used to send out pupils to finish their education abroad. Indeed, our style of engraving is diffused all over the Continent: they are now imitating the line manner of engraving practised in this country. The same degree of honour is not, however, paid to the art of engraving in this country as abroad. The public consider engravers only as a set of ingenious mechanics, which is not the fact. The art of engraving is more a translation of a picture than a copying: it is a process of difficult management. What the general body of engravers find fault with is, that the honours attached to their art are only half conferred: that is, the Royal Academy allow engravers to be elected associates; but it is impossible they can ever go a step higher. Consequently, perhaps with one or two exceptions, no engravers of eminence will put down their name as candidates. Now, in France, engravers are full members of the National Institute. If called out, there is more talent in Great Britain, connected with the fine arts, than in any country in the world. The historical painters of this country are better than those of France and Germany. As far as correct drawing goes, in severity of outline, they are, perhaps, superior to us; but, in the general arrangement, in the knowledge of light and shade, and in the distribution of colour, they are very inferior. The best means of advancing the art of engraving, or protecting what has been accomplished, would be to have a room in the National Gallery appropriated to the exhibition of fine engravings of the English school: it would be of advantage to the student; and would give the public better knowledge on the subject.

Mr. John Pye.—The laws of the Royal Academy admit to academichonours, historical painters, landscape painters, portrait painters, flower painters, sculptors, architects, die engravers, watch chasers, and enamel painters; professors of these branches of art having been Royal Academicians, as the catalogues of the Royal Academy testify: but all classes of engravers (excepting die engravers) are excluded from academic honours. The academies of Rome, Florence, Milan, and Venice, assign to engravers the same rank that is given to the professors of the other branches of the fine arts. At Paris, also, engravers hold rank in common with the other members of the Institute; and some of them are marked by other honourable distinctions conferred by the government, from the legion of honour to the title of baron. By the laws of the Royal Academy, but six engravers are eligible as associates only: the profession is, consequently, held up to the gaze of the world as being beneath every other branch of the fine arts. The art of engraving appears to have advanced in England through the influence of growing intelligence and our national com-

mercantile spirit; and stands, in the opinion of foreigners, higher than in any other country. The best plates appear now as free translations from pictures, instead of cold rigid copies. They are entirely so as to effect, that being the quality by which the English school, whether of painting or of engraving, is distinguished. Engraving partakes, in England, more of the character of a fine art than in any other country; and yet the English engravers stand lower as artists, in point of distinction, than in any other country. The position in which engravers are placed by the Royal Academy is deemed to be one of injustice, from which they ought to be relieved, by being disconnected with that establishment altogether; or by having rank assigned to them equal to that which is accorded to the members of the different branches of art which are now united with painting, to constitute the Royal Academy. In the event of engraving being placed in its just position amongst the other arts, the consideration and self-respect of engravers would lead them to a more general intimacy with fine art; and more works would be entered into, alike honourable and beneficial to artists and to the country. If painters and engravers could come together in the way they do abroad, the thing would be altogether changed. No man in his senses would say that engraving is equal to historical painting; but he would say it was much superior to various other branches of art which are patronised by the Academy, and of which they have elected members. In the Louvre, at Paris, engravings are exhibited at the regular public exhibitions; and, in London, the six Associates of the Royal Academy are allowed to send some things for exhibition; but they are exhibited with coloured paintings, and produce a bad result. With the exception of a few private patrons, no encouragement is extended to the art of engraving besides that which comes through the printellers; and if an artist be daring enough to publish any thing for himself, he must make a sacrifice of sixty or seventy per cent to get it placed before the world.

Mr. John Landseer, A.R.A.—Agreed with several able public writers, that academies of art had never produced great artists; but denied that they were therefore worse than useless, and ought not to exist. As Fuseli observed, "Notwithstanding all that had been said or written against the Royal Academy of England, it exhibited more individual varieties of style, and of a higher character, too, than that of any other nation of Europe." The witness and Mr. Heath had some years ago applied to the Royal Academy to put engraving on the same footing in this country on which it stood abroad; but they met with a great deal of illiberality, and were finally repulsed in a most ungracious way. On that occasion, he had had forty copies printed of a memorial on the claims of the art of engraving to academical cultivation, and had sent one to each academical, that he might duly consider it. A copy of that memorial Mr. Landseer deposited with the committee.

The preliminary Essay describes the rise and establishment of the Royal Academy. In the first instance, engraving was entirely excluded from the purview of that institution; but a law was afterwards passed to admit six engravers as associates only: "thus intimating to the world," as the writer of the Essay observes, "that engravers were merely worthy of standing at the door of the Royal Academy,

whilst the professors of every other branch of art were eligible to enter and participate in all the advantages that might result from being therein." To shew the gross injustice of this proceeding, a reference is made to a number of individuals of mediocre talent, in various departments of the fine arts, on whom, when the Royal Academy was founded, the rank of academical was conferred; and it is fairly asked, whether such individuals were entitled to a distinction denied to Strange, Woollett, and Sharpe?"

An Essay on the Nature, the End, and the Means of Imitation in the Fine Arts. Translated from the French of M. Quatremère de Quincy; by J. C. Kent. 8vo. pp. 468. London 1837. Smith, Elder, and Co.

"The original of this small volume, the result of years of thought," says the translator, "was published at Paris in the year 1823, but appears to have hitherto remained almost unknown on this side of the Channel. The chief obstacle removed, it is to be hoped that such will be the case no longer. The author, M. Quatremère de Quincy, has long enjoyed on the Continent a well-earned reputation; the consequence of the talents he has displayed as an architect and sculptor, and of the value of the numerous works he has from time to time laid before the public, which all bear ample testimony to his critical acumen, learning, and literary attainments. A member of the institute of Paris, he holds also the office of perpetual secretary to the Academy of the Fine Arts, which, while it has conferred honour on himself, has been attended by reciprocal credit and advantage to that society."

M. Quatremère de Quincy's object is to assert the pre-eminence of what is termed the "classical" school, in all that relates to the fine arts; which fine arts are not confined in France to the limits assigned to them in this country, but comprehend all the arts of imitation, viz., poetry and the drama, music, painting, sculpture, architecture, gesture (or the art of dancing), and pantomime. Without agreeing with him in many of his positions, we freely acknowledge that his work well deserves to be attentively studied by all artists and lovers of art; in other words, by every person of intelligence and refinement. The volume, in conformity with the title, is divided into three parts; the first treating on the nature of imitation in the fine arts. In this part, the author defines the elementary principle of imitation in the following terms: "To imitate in the fine arts, is to produce the resemblance of a thing, but in some other thing which becomes the image of it." He proceeds to shew that identity is not imitation. The latter alone affords the pleasure which proceeds from the art of comparison. It is the very essence of imitation in the fine arts, to represent reality by its appearance only; and every image, or every work of the fine arts, will more or less contradict the nature of imitation, in proportion as the artist has arrived more or less at producing the effect of identical repetition, or real similarity. These are two grand sources of error, which constantly tend to vitiate in its very elements that imitation which is proper to the fine arts. The first consists in the endeavour to augment the resources, and the effect of the species of imitation proper to one of the arts in particular, by the addition of those proper to another art; the second tends to deprive every art, as much as possible, of that part of its fictitious and conventional nature, which makes it appear art, by substituting, through a spurious fidelity, the character of reality for that of ap-

pearance, and similarity, by means of identity, for resemblance by means of an image. The model of every art, or, in other words, of every part of the demesne of imitation, should be restricted to only a part of nature. The different imitable objects are to be classed under two principal heads; those which belong to the moral (using that word simply in opposition to physical), and those which depend on the physical order of things. Each mode of imitation should be confined within the separate bounds assigned to it. "To nature alone," observes the author, "it belongs to be at once singular and diversified, simple and complex, to unite in a single being dissimilar qualities, in a single action divergent incidents, in a single personage contradictory characters, to mingle in one homogeneous whole, opposites of every description. But there is a power in nature to obviate all discordances; to shed harmony over every contrast; her palette has no antagonist colours; and we may also remark, that the objects she mingles together lose nothing of their entireness. With her every whole has parts, but yet every part is a whole. What she associates together is interwoven without being mixed, is fused without being confused; while art, if it endeavour to vie with the universality of nature, creates a medley of disjointed parts, mutilating all it combines, neutralising whatever it mingles, and reducing the effect it would attain to a mass of confusion, by an assemblage of properties and qualities opposed to each other in their elements." These principles are enforced by a multitude of ingenious arguments and illustrations, to shew that it is the fictitious and the incomplete in every art, and those alone, which constitute art, and become, moreover, the sources of the pleasure of imitation. But we must postpone to our next Number any further analysis of this interesting publication.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Wreck of the Clarendon, West-Indianan, at the moment she struck on the shingles, in Chale Bay, Isle of Wight. From a sketch made on the spot by W. Daniell, R.A. Tilt. Of the uncontrollable fury of the elements when set in motion by storm, no one can have an adequate conception who has not witnessed it: and of those who have witnessed it, we know no one who depicts it with more "desperate fidelity" (to use an expression of Grattan's) than Mr. Daniell. Persons who have gazed at the sea only when in a state of tranquillity, or of gentle agitation, will, perhaps, consider the representation under our notice as overcharged. Any old sailor, however, will tell them that it is not so. With the print is sold a little tract, descriptive of the melancholy event; which occurred so recently (the 11th of last month), that it must be needless to remind our readers, that the whole of the passengers, eleven in number, and, with the exception of three, the whole of the crew, seventeen in number, perished within two ship's-lengths from the beach!

George Colman the Younger. Painted by J. Jackson, R.A.; engraved by T. Lupton. Colnaghi.

THE recent demise of this popular writer and lively companion gives great interest to this publication. There are few who have read Colman's whimsical tales, or witnessed the performance of his whimsical dramatic compositions, or listened to his whimsical conversation, who will not value the resemblance of one who has added so much to the social enjoyments of life. It is a print in which the talents both of

* Mr. Landseer assigns his desire to effect this object as his motive for having become an Associate.

the painter and of the engraver are exhibited to great advantage.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Song of other Days. A Ballad, written by R. Johns, Esq., arranged expressly for Mrs. Seguin by Charles H. Purday. London, Purday.

THE words of this song are tender and poetical, but we do not think the composer has been very successful in his arrangement of the music, especially for such a singer as Mrs. Seguin.

The last sweet Chime. A Cavatina. A. Lee. The Poetry by L. C. Plutner. London, Lee. This piece was composed, at her own request, for the late Madame Malibran; and we can truly recommend it as a very chaste and beautiful composition—a sweet companion for the pianoforte. We were rather surprised to find Alexander Lee, at page 2, bar 1, and page 5, bar 23, give us two consecutive octaves.

When I ro'd a young Highlander. A. Lee. BRON'S words, sung by Sinclair, at the Haymarket, with great applause, owing more to his fine voice than to its extraordinary merit. It is in G-B time, and not much above commonplace. A little correction bestowed upon it might improve it greatly.

The Maid of Windermere. A. Lee. WOULD also be the better of some correction; but it is a very pretty simple melody, and, even as it is, well calculated to be a general favourite.

I wish to tune my quiv'ring Lyre. A. Lee. A BOLD-SPRITED tenor song, well suited for the stage; and Mr. Lee has done justice to the poetry, as Mr. Sinclair did to both music and poetry in the execution.

A parting Song. The Words by Miss Paul, the Music by T. Hopkinson. Is an excellent production, and cannot lack admirers. We hope, however, soon to see something better from Mr. Hopkinson. Page 2, bar 8, the chord of 7 on F should have been in five parts—then the resolution would be correct.

First Set of Original Waltzes. T. Hopkinson. Leeds, Sykes and Co.; London, D'Almaine and Co.

THESE waltzes are extremely pretty; the third has some agreeable modulations: they are scrupulously correct—a great thing in their favour. They are dedicated to the Misses Landon, of Abersford, the fair relatives of L.E.L.

The Star of the Desert. A Ballad by S. Lover, Esq. London, J. Duff and Co. ONE of Mr. Lover's beautiful compositions, in which feeling, poetry, and graceful music compete for mastery.

The Fairy Boy. Idem. THIS bewitching and pathetic ballad may stand in comparison with the "Baby was Sleeping," now one of the most universally popular songs in the English language. It breathes the same tender natural feeling, speaks a similar language of maternal fondness, and is perhaps only more affecting to the heart from its sadder termination. As a poem, it is exquisite: the single change, the epithet "angel," in the last stanza, stamps it with the genuine stamp of lyrical genius. We cannot resist printing the words:

"A mother came when stars were palling,
Wailing round a lonely spring;
Thus she cried, while tears were falling,
Calling on the fairy king,
'Why with spells my child caressing,
Court him with fairy joy;
Why destroy a mother's blessing,
Wherefore steal my baby boy?

O'er the mountain, through the wild wood,
Where his childhood loved to play;
Where the flowers are freshly springing,
There I wander day by day;
There I wander, growing fonder
Of the child that made my joy,
On the echoes wildly calling
To restore my fairy boy.
But in vain my plaintive calling,
Tears are falling all in vain;
He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of their train!
Fare thee well, my child, for ever!
In this world I've lost my joy;
But in the next we never shall sever,
There I'll find my angel boy!"

DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—On Monday, Mr Booth, who appeared some years ago, essayed *Richard III.* which he performed in a very respectable manner.

Covent Garden.—On the same night after "Julius Caesar," which again crammed the house to the ceiling, a grand show called *Thalaba*, with the original offence ascribed to Southey's Poem, was produced. We are told it is by Mr Fitzball, and was done at the Surrey some fourteen years ago. It is precisely one of those senseless spectacles which strongly mark the decline of the stage; and was surely ill-timed at a theatre where the opposite proof is nightly afforded by the bumper houses which attend Shakespeare and the legitimate drama, when well cast and sustained by performers of superior ability. In another part of our sheet, (page 762) will be found some remarks on the art of imitation, as applicable to painting; the same are as apposite to theatrical representations. Our pleasure arises from the approaches to perfection in the imitation. It is, therefore, a gross mistake to introduce realities, and the bungling and nasty operations of camels, horses, and bulls of Guzerat, in this piece, would have been infinitely better, more acceptable, and not so offensive, if committed to the customary wicker-work and skins of imitative brutes.

Olympic.—A new burletta, *Emigration*, in which Oxberry and Mrs. Orger have the leading parts, has been produced here with applause.

St. James's.—The revival of *Fra Diavolo* on Wednesday, with a strongly attractive cast, is the only novelty here. Braham as the *Fra*, and Miss Rainforth as *Zerlina*, were greatly applauded. The minor characters were very cleverly personated and sung by Parry, Stansbury, Bennett, &c. On Thursday, a smart and entertaining piece, called *Dedicate Attention*, from the popular pen of Mr. Poole, was produced here with entire success. It is too late for us to say more than that the author's humour was very cleverly embodied by Mr. Strickland and Miss Allison in the leading parts—an aged suitor paying attentions to a youthful flame.

The Adelphi.—Continues to overflow. We were very much pleased, at the close of last week, with the manner in which *The Rake* and *His Pupil* was acted. Mrs. Stirling evinced talents of the first order, both for the lively and the pathetic; and Yates, Mrs. Yates, Hemming, Reeve, and Wilkinson, supported the other parts with their wonted effect. It was curious to observe an audience, after the tumultuary applause of *Jim Crow*, fixed with such well-mannered attention to a long three-act drama

of genteel life. *Victorine* is the change during this week, and is ever popular. We hear that a very novel and striking experiment is preparing for the Adelphi stage, which should have a run, for there will be no "wings" to fly withal.

VARIETIES.

Bookbinding.—In proportion as the inside of books have fallen off in value and interest, the greater pains have been bestowed upon their outsides. Nothing can exceed the external dash and beauty of the binding now lavished on every trumpery volume. Silk, satin, embossing, gilding, figuring, and every kind of ornament, are in profusion. The actual cost of some of these, for common and popular sale, if taken to a binder, would amount to as much as the book is sold for; and is only charged less to the book-makers on account of there being large numbers to do. What, then, can be afforded to artists, engravers, and authors? The original artists, we believe, are fairly remunerated, and so are the engravers; and so, in many cases, are the writers—especially if they have titles or distinguished names. The secret of making money of these illustrated performances, therefore, lies in doing business in the wholesale line, and paying the inferior operatives very low. Plates are engraved by mechanism; and when you have seen one you have seen a whole class: skies ruled all alike, and all the accessories in each, similar as peas or eggs. Then the begging of contributions is a saving of expense: and thus, between trading and mendicancy, under flaring names, a very considerable profit is made on very mediocre articles.

Archaeological Essays.—The premium of ten guineas offered by the late lord mayor for the best essay on the Life and Institutions of the English Legislator, Offa, king of Mercia, has been adjudged to the Rev. Henry Mackenzie, of Pembroke College, Oxford. A premium to the same amount, to be awarded in October 1837, is announced for an essay on the Life and Times of Robert, baron Fitzwalter, castellan of London in the reign of King John.

Schimper's Travels in Egypt and Arabia.—AFTER staying five months in Arabia Felix, the enterprising naturalist, W. Schimper, went, in March this year, to Cassier, in Upper Egypt, and thence to Kenne, on the Nile, where he passed the summer. He was chiefly engaged in adding to his zoological collection; and, with the help of the Bedouins, killed a crocodile of extraordinary size. The last accounts of him are from Kenne, July the 15th, whence he intended to go to Nubia, and, if circumstances were favourable, as far as Sennaar; but it is probable that he has changed his plan and joined the missionaries, Blumhard and Knuth, on their journey to Abyssinia, of which, and, of their arrival at Cairo, he has since been informed by Mr. Dumreicher, Danish Consul at Alexandria. The botanical treasures which he collected in Arabia Felix, have happily arrived at Trieste, and will soon be received by the secretary of the society for his travels. What he collected in Arabia Petrea, especially on Mount Sinai, is already for the most part in the hands of the members of the society, and has been highly approved of by them. The scientific examination has led to a very favourable judgment on the collection from Mount Sinai, the traveller having met with a considerable number of new plants, some of which are of a very remarkable character.

Grecian Antiquities.—M. L. Ross continues his researches with great spirit in the capital

of Greece, and has published the result of some further excavations in the Kunsblatt of Stuttgart. Several fine basso-reliefs and inscriptions have been dug up, and the steps belonging to the great staircase of the Propylea, have been so far cleared as to render it probable that it will be restored to nearly its primitive state. Among the inscriptions is one which decides a question, long debated by archaeologists;—what connexion existed between Attica and Adria, in Istria? All doubt is now removed on that head, as the inscription states, that a colony, under a leader named Miltiades, settled there 325 years B.C. This also settles the question, whence came the Greek vases found at Adria?

Capt. Horsburg.—At a meeting of East India commanders, a liberal subscription was entered into, to erect a monument to the memory of this distinguished hydrographer.

Crosby Hall.—In the last list circulated of the subscribers for the restoration of Crosby Hall (a design most deserving of support), it is stated that "the recent discovery of a tessellated pavement confirms the opinion previously entertained, that St. Helen's Priory (the site of the Hall) was built upon a Roman foundation." Many of our churches, and other public erections, in London, stand on ancient Roman foundations.

The Enorthotrope (W. Spooner).—Under this name a new and exceedingly amusing toy has appeared, in which, by turning a wheel, the forms of confused objects are converted into a multitude of diverting figures, such as Harlequins, dancing girls, fighting Irishmen, devils, cards, &c. It is a curious illustration of art, and one wonders to see such grotesque shapes become familiar objects, as they pass behind the apertures of a corresponding board. The whole is nearly on the principle of the magical illusions so popular some years ago; and the only objection we find, is the rapidity of the motion.

A Chivalric Game.—Another capital Christmas toy. The game is played like "Conqueror's Castle," and others of the same sort, by knights in grand tournament, whose adventures and misadventures lead to the incidents and winning of the game.

Pagimon.—A very learned name for another amusement. It is for very young children, and consists of cut-out movable pasteboard figures, which, being inserted into various views of buildings, carriages, streets, shops, theatres, &c. afford an infinite variety of scenes to recreate and delight the juvenile mind.

The Enquirer, No. I.—The small town of Tonbridge has the credit of producing this new and meritorious periodical, which displays much sound sense and observation in its original articles, and judgment in selecting others, so as to form a varied miscellany.

Shakespeare in Russia.—We read in the newspapers with gratification, that, at St. Petersburg, the subscription to restore Shakespeare's tomb at Stratford-on-Avon, has been increased by the literati with the Princess Bariatsinski at their head.

The Balloon.—Our balloon adventurers, we are told, are waiting for a favourable wind to carry them in the direction of Paris; which, if it arises, they will arise again and try their fortune in another excursion.

Malibran's Corpse.—It seems likely to be determined, that the remains of poor Malibran are to be exhumed, and sent to the claimants on the Continent.

Cambridge Philosophical Society.—Monday, 14th, the Rev. Dr. Clark, the president, in the chair.—Various papers of books, &c., were announced: after which Professor Sedgwick gave an account of the geology of Devonshire and Cornwall; as a completion of his memoirs on the geology of Cornwall, published in the Transactions of the Society. It appears, from the observations during the past summer, that the granite of Cornwall is of a date posterior, not only to the slate webs, but to the coal measures of Devon, which have been ascertained by him and Mr. Murchison to occupy a large portion of the surface of the latter county. It was also stated, that in these counties exceptions are found, upon a considerable scale, to the rule, that the cleavage of slaty webs is never coincident with the stratification. It was also mentioned, that the granite of those counties has three sets of joints. Various other observations were made on the rules which determine the directions of the joints of the strata.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

Popular Pastimes.—The popular pastimes of the time of James the First are enumerated in the following lines, in a little work entitled "The Letting of Humour's Blood in the Head-vaine; with a New Morisco daunced by seven Satyres upon the bottome of Diogenes' tubbe;" 8vo. Lond. 1611.

"Man, I dare challenge thee to Throw the Sledge,
To jump or Leape over ditch or hedge,
To Wrasle, play at Stool-ball, or to Runne;
To Pitch the Barre, or to Shoot off a Gunne;
To play at Loggets, Nine Holes, or Ten Pimmes;
To try it out at Foot-ball by the shinnies;
At Ticktackle, Irish Noddie, Maw, and Ruffe;
At Hot-cockles, Leap-frog, or Blind-man-buffe;
To drinke halfe-potts, or deale at the whole can;
To play at Base, or Pen-and-yknorhe Sir Jhan;
To daunce the Morris, play at Barley-breake,
At all explaytes a man can thinke or speake;
At Shove-groate, Venter-poynt, or Crosse and Pile,
At Beshrow him that's Last at Yonder Style;
At Leaping over a Midsummer-bon-fier,
Or at the Drawing Dun out of the Myer;
At any of those, or all these presently,
Wagge but your finger, I am for you, I!"

Book of Table-Talk.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A few weeks since, we noticed a forthcoming American publication, entitled, "The Indian Tribes of North America," of which we have the first specimen, No. 1, from Philadelphia, before us. We can now say that it is, indeed, more than we could have expected, and truly a national—no, not a national, but a universal work. The frontispiece, an Indian war-dance preparatory to sacrificing a prisoner, is a singularly interesting and affecting exhibition of the warlike customs; and the portraits of Indian chiefs in the body of the Number are extremely striking and characteristic. The descriptive and historical text is, also, of the most valuable and impressive order, and we, on the whole, may well consider this production to be unique. We look with impatience for its appearance in England about Christmas; where, as well as on the Continent, we are sure it will excite a very vivid sensation.

In the Press.

Spartacus, or the Roman Gladiator, a tragedy, in five acts, by Jacob Jones, Esq., author of "Longinus," a tragedy.—The Transactions of the Institute of British Architects, with plates.—Hints to Chairmen; or, Precepts for Presidents, by Præses.—Beauties of the Country; or, Descriptions of Rural Customs, Objects, Scenery, and the Seasons, by Thomas Miller, author of "A Day in the Woods."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

An Essay on the Distribution of Wealth, by George Ramsay, B.M., 8vo. 12s.—The Fallacy of the Art of Physics, as taught in the Schools, by S. Dickson, M.D., 8vo. 7s.—Sermons, by the Rev. Thomas Phillips, A.M. 12mo. 5s.—White's Natural History of Selborne, with the Naturalist's Calendar, a new edition, by E. T. Bennett, 8vo. 18s.—The Principles of Surgery, by James Syme, F.R.S.E., 2d edit. 8vo. 14s.—The Merchant's Daughter, by the Author of "The Heiress," 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Hacket's Phrenology and Astrology Harmonised, 18mo. 5s.—Marriage and Registration Act, with Notes by R. Matthews, 12mo. 6s.—The Lady's Cabinet Lawyer, by a Barrister, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Political History of England during the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries, by F. von Raumer, Vols. I. and II. 8vo. 36s.—The Law for Facilitating the Inclosure of Open and Arable Lands, by J. T. Pratt, 12mo. 6s.—Temptation: a Treatise on

Satanic Influence, by J. Ranson, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—The Juvenile Preacher, by the Rev. A. Fletcher, A.M., royal 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Daily Thoughts on Important Subjects, 6mo. 1s.—British Annual, an Epitome of the Progress of Science, by Dr. R. D. Thomson, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—The Excitement for 1837, 4s. 6d. hf.-bd.—The Forsaken Tale, 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s.—Early Years and Late Reflections, by Clement Caydon, M.D., post 8vo. 9s.—Cowan's Bed-side Manual, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Lectures on the Morbid Anatomy of the Serous and Mucous Membranes, by T. Hodgkin, M.D., Vol. I. 8vo. 16s. 6d.—Elements of Prophetic Interpretation, by S. W. Brooks (forming Vol. XXII. of Bickersteth's Library), 12mo. 6s.—The Nature of Divine Agency, by the Rev. S. Davies, 12mo. 4s.—Hall's Trigonometry, 2d edit. enlarged, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Rev. R. Mosley's Elements of Arithmetic, 12mo. 3s.—Extracts from Blackstone's Commentaries, by S. Warren, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—The Life of Christ in the Words of the Evangelists, with 28 Illustrations, 18mo. 5s. 6d.—The Afflictions of Life, with their Antidotes, by Mrs. H. Cruso, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—The Comedies of Aristophanes in English metre, by B. D. Walsh, 3 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. 15s.—Pathological Researches on Pthisis, by E. C. A. Louis, translated by E. Cowan, 8vo. 12s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1836.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 17	From 41 to 47	29.41 to 29.23
Friday... 18	33 .. 43	29.02 .. 29.15
Saturday... 19	27 .. 43	29.17 .. 29.15
Sunday... 20	31 .. 43	29.63 .. 29.45
Monday... 21	25 .. 41	30.01 .. 29.94
Tuesday... 22	32 .. 41	29.85 .. 29.69
Wednesday 23	35 .. 46	29.22 .. 29.41

Prevailing winds, S.W. and N.E. Cloudy, except the 18th, 20th, and afternoon of the 23d, with frequent rain.

Rain fallen, 1.075 inch.
Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude.....51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society, October 1836.

Thermometer—Highest.....	60.75 .. the 15th.
Lowest.....	25.00 .. 28th, 30th, and 31st.
Mean.....	47.18145
Barometer—Highest.....	30.17 .. the 20th.
Lowest.....	28.72 .. 15th.
Mean.....	29.55365

Number of days of rain and snow, 18.
Quantity of rain and melted snow, in inches and decimal, 4.3125.

Winds.—North-East—4 East—6 South-East—6 South—5 South-West—5 West—4 North-West—0 North.

General Observations.—The barometer was low, although the mean was higher than last year, in the same month, and the quantity of rain and melted snow was above the average for October; yet much less than last year, when an extraordinary quantity fell. The mean temperature was about that of last October; but the extremes were lower. Lightning was seen on the 13th, about 8 P.M. Snow fell on the morning of the 29th, between four and eight o'clock, and lay upon the ground to the depth of two inches and a-half. Sleet and snow continued to fall, at intervals, until nearly noon, when the weather cleared up, and the afternoon was fine. The extremes of the thermometer were exactly the same as in October 1829; which month was distinguished by a remarkably early fall of snow, viz. on the 7th, when the trees were covered with leaves, and before the swallows had departed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * *L'Abbré de l'Histoire des Infortunes du Dauphin* (an octavo volume which has just been published) is enough to awaken the memories of our Harolds, Richards (H.), Perkin Warbeck, and other mysteries of royalty. It is a remarkable work; and not only asserts, but adduces curious evidence to support the assertion, that Charles Louis, styling himself *Duc de Normandie*, is, in person, Louis XVI. We have not been able, as yet, to afford this strange story due examination; but we may state that, independently of the question at issue, the narrative is very interesting.

Many communications reached us too late for insertion. We would request our Correspondents, when in their power, not to postpone their despatches till towards the close of the week.

We have not had time this week to read the *Edinburgh MS.*, but will do so before next Saturday.

In making up our sheet, we find ourselves reluctantly compelled to omit, for the moment, the poetical specimens we intended to have made from *Crichon*.

The list of the Wellington Subscription will be found in our advertising columns. Having, last week and before, referred to this act of civic gratitude and patriotism, we have only to mention, that, gratifying as the roll of names is, nearly a fortnight has elapsed since it was made up, and, during that period, the stream has continued to flow in the same spontaneous rich and steady course.

Umbra's rhymes:—"taught" and "thought," are not correct enough for the polish required by the sonnet.

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LEAF OF PRIVATE LIFE
 With Mr. Elton; Alvanley, Mr. S. Johnson; Agnes, Miss Ellen Clifford; Marian Marigold, Miss Wrighten. After which, a comic Interlude, to be called,

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.
 Mr. Alexis Twitton, Mr. T. Green; Mr. Theophilus Bembury, Mr. T. F. Mathews; Mrs. Pimpernel, Mrs. Lowday. To conclude with the historical Melodrama, founded on fact, to be entitled, the

FIELD OF FORTY FOOTSTEPS.
 Sir Arthur Matchlock, Mr. Elton; Peter Pipkin, Mr. T. Green; Frances Vere, Miss Ellen Clifford; Rose Downright, Miss A. C. Greer.

Doors open at half-past six; to commence at Seven precisely.

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